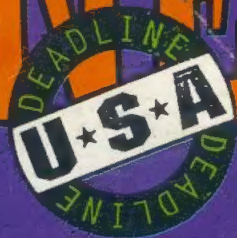


TANK GIRL • RICHARD SALA • WIRED WORLD • SHAKY KANE
HO CHE ANDERSON • JOHNNY NEMO • ALEC STEVENS • GWAR

DEADLINE™



NUMBER 2

\$9.95 U.S.
\$11.95 CANADA



COME
ON DOWN!
hee hee a haw haw
HAW!



SOU,
SCHMOUL,
THIS IS
LIVIN'!



OOPSIE-
DOODLE,
I SURE
IS HOT!

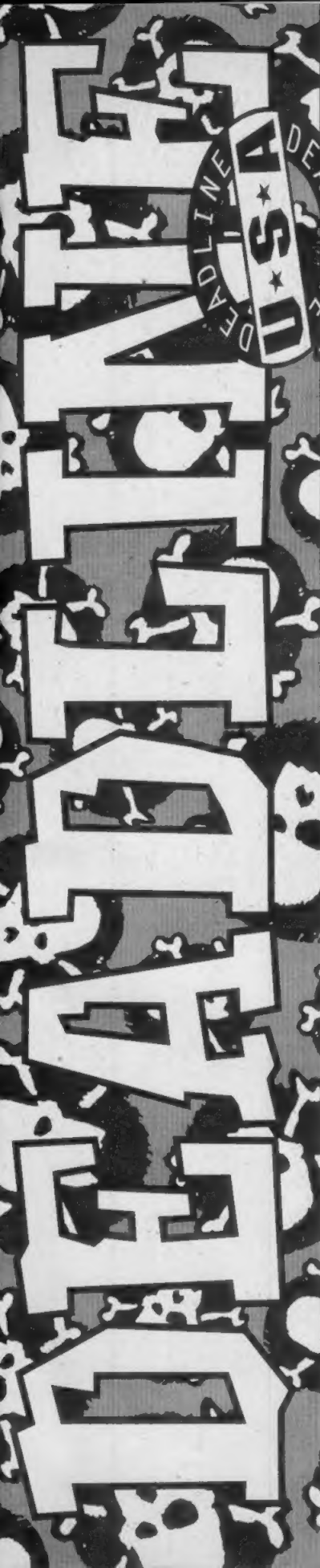
DARK HORSE COMICS



5 YEARS OF EXCELLENCE

MUSIC FEATURE: FEEL THE DARKNESS OF POISON IDEA





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MALCOLM X

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TANK GIRL in FORCE TEN TO RINGAROOMA BAY

WITH THE TASTE OF FRESHLY BAKED BREAD AND REAL ALE STILL ON THEIR LIPS, OUR DYNAMIC LIBERATORS GRIT THE SAND IN THEIR TEETH AND WATCH THE AUSTRALIAN SUN RISE OVER THE CALM AND DESERTED BEACH.

I CAN SMELL THE CARNAGE ALREADY! OK DUDES, SADDLE UP, WE SAIL FOR TASMANIA IN ONE HOUR! THIS IS GONNA BE A FUCKING LAUGH!!

WHY IS SHE HOLDING THAT HUGE CARROT?

RIDICULOUS!

THIS STRIP DEDICATED TO KATE BUSH! *

YEAH!... WHY AM I HOLDING THIS STUPID CARROT? WHO'S WRITING THIS DUMB STORY ANYHOW?...

AH, HEWLETT AND MARTIN, YOU OLD BASTARDS! WHAT'S GOING ON WITH THIS STRIP? WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL THE VIOLENCE AND Grog SUPPING PROMKED AT THE END OF THE LAST STORY? ARE WE GONNA DO THIS BUDDY COMIC OR WHAT?

SORRY TANK GIRL, WE'VE HAD A SLIGHT CHANGE OF MIND...

Bollocks To This!

LAUGH

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?!

DON'T WORRY KIDS, TANK GIRL'S NOT REALLY THIS SMALL! THIS SCENE WAS ALL DONE WITH MIRRORS!

AH, WELL NOW, YES. ERM, I'M A BIT WORRIED ABOUT US SUPPING DOWN THE COMICS LAVATORY. IF WE DON'T KEEP CHECK ON OURSELVES OUR WORK WILL END UP LOOKING LIKE A PIECE OF PROVERBIAL 'OLD DOG POO'. JUST LIKE EVERY OTHER COMIC ON THE MARKET....

BARLEY CUP!

THAT'S TRUE!

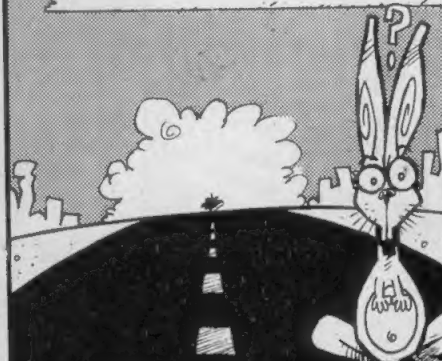
CUD
N SON CRUSOE

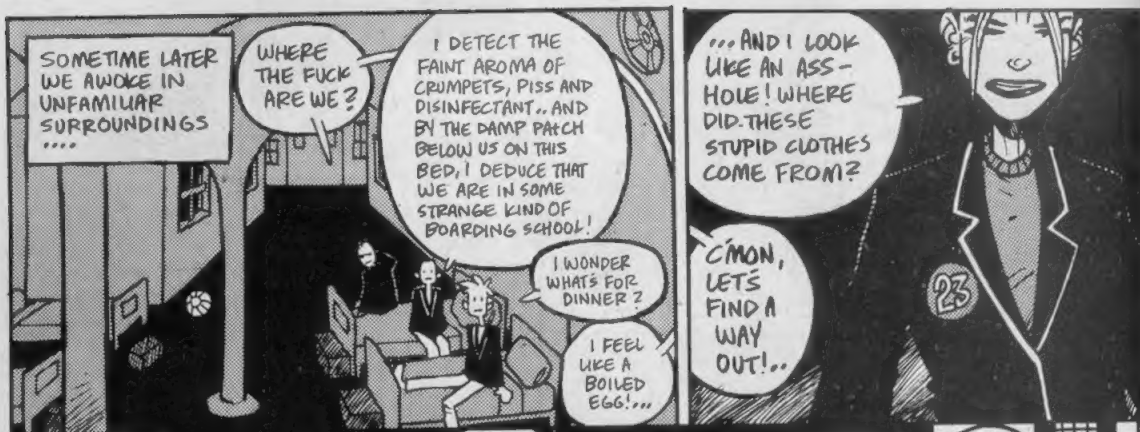


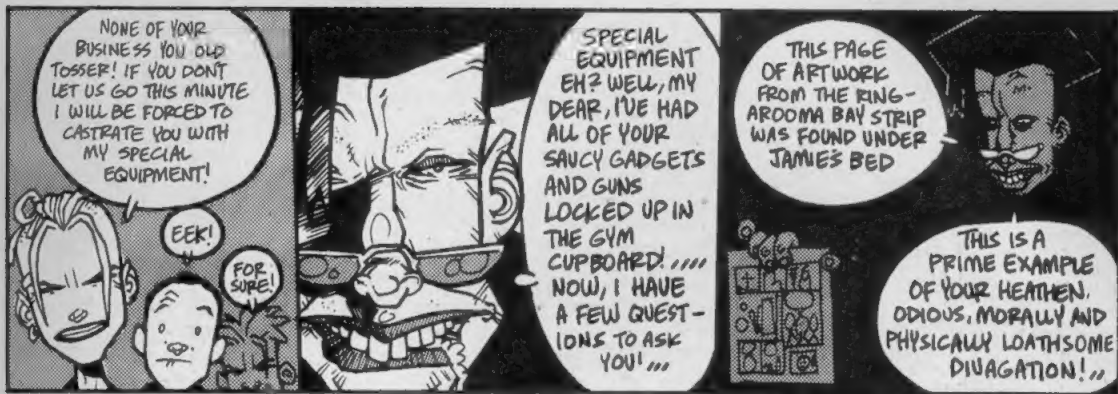
TANK GIRL

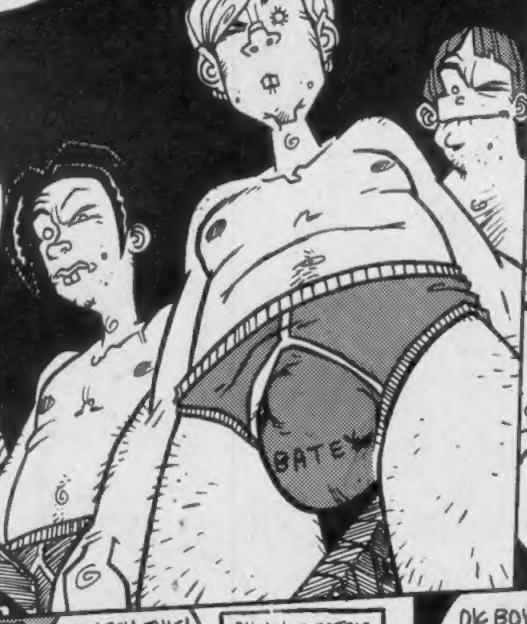
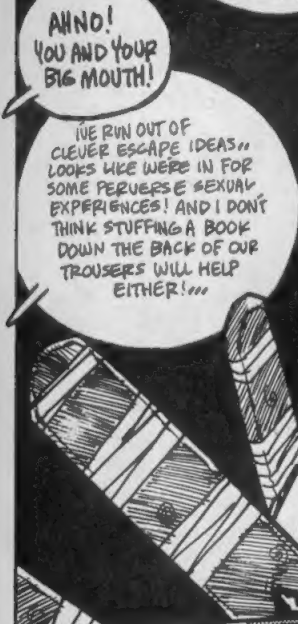
in

half a pound of tupenny rice

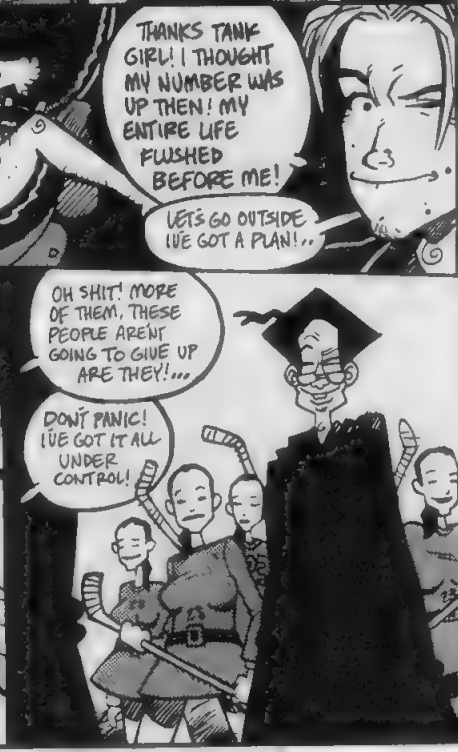
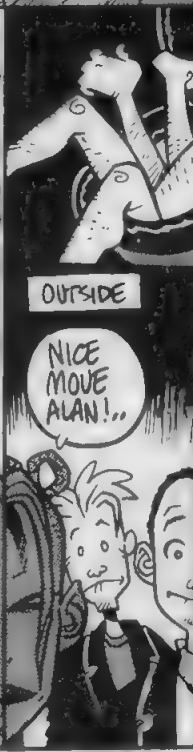


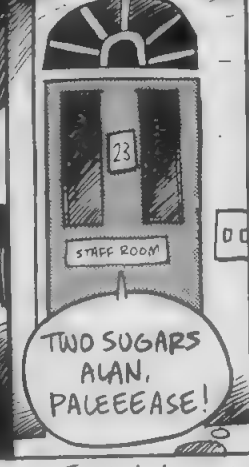
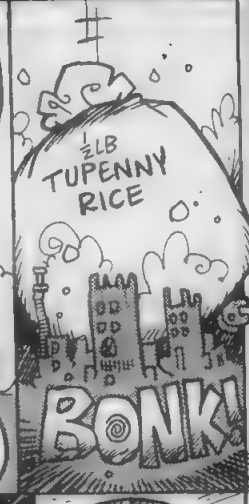
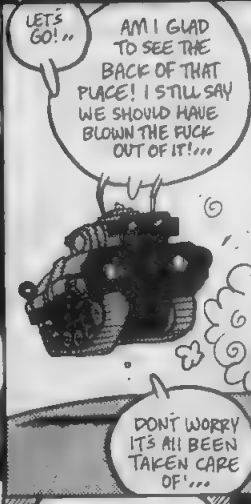
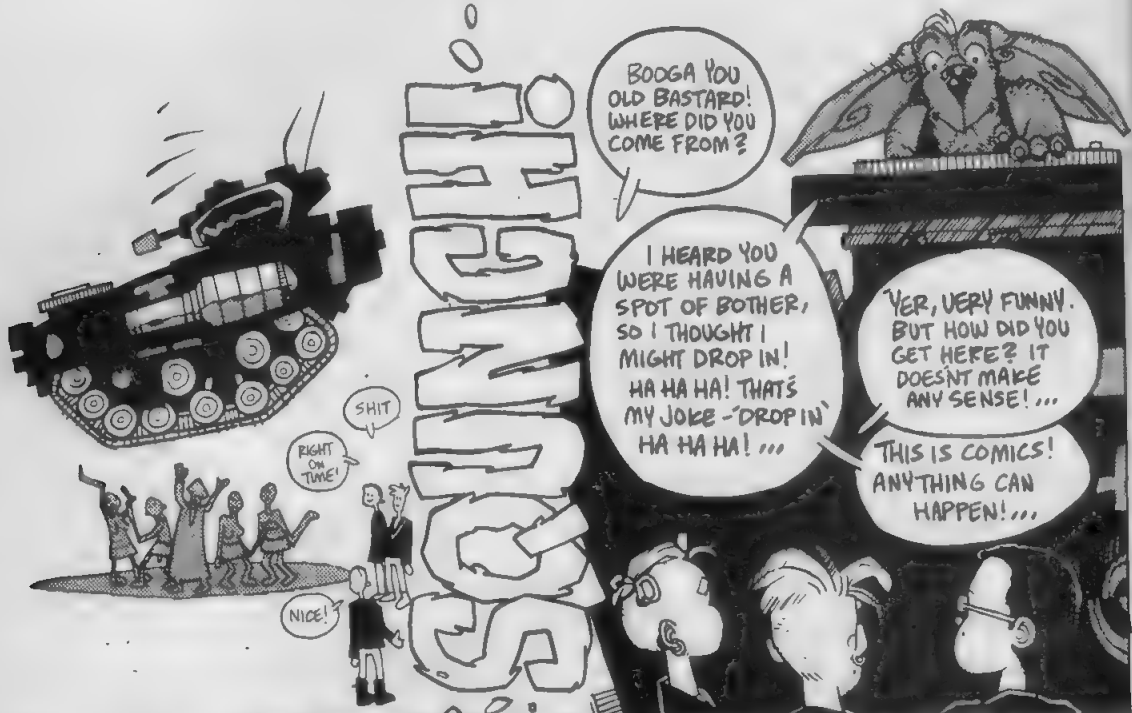






GIVE ME MORE TIME! I'M DYING!...





THEEND! I'M GONNA SLEEP SOME NOW!

EYES ARE WATCHING FROM A HIDDEN ROOM... AN UNKNOWN KILLER IS PROWLING
 THROUGH THE NIGHT... AN EVIL CHUCKLE ECHOES DOWN A SHADOWY CORRIDOR
 IN THE TOWER THE BELL IS RINGING... IT'S

THIRTEEN O'CLOCK

~ CHAPTER TWO ~

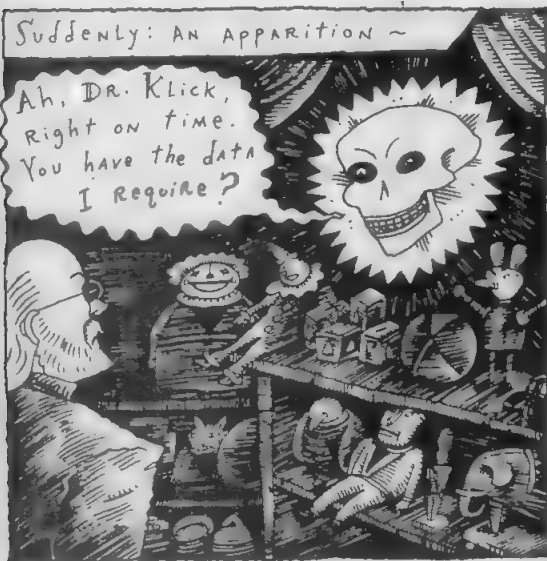
© 1991 R. SALA

Night. A deserted toyshop...

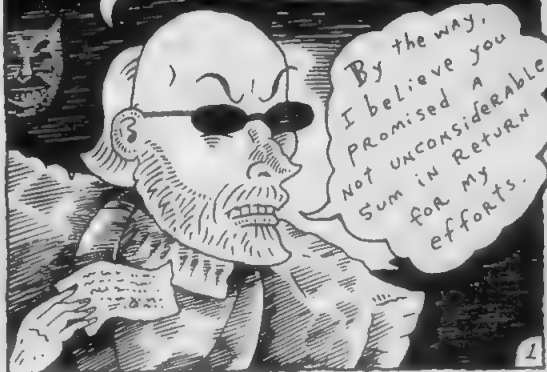


Suddenly: AN APPARITION ~

Ah, DR. Klick,
 Right on time.
 You have the data
 I require?

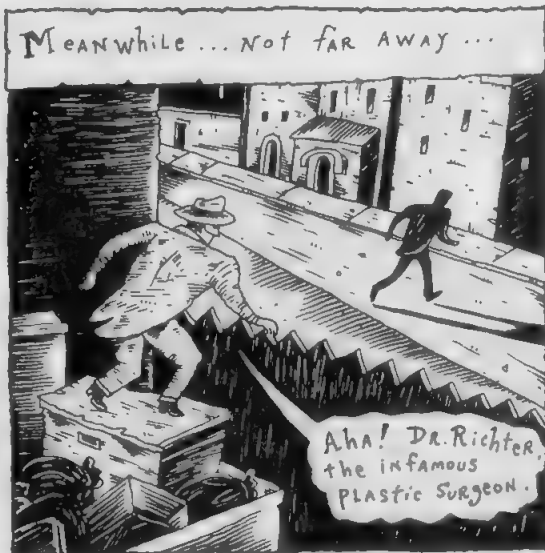
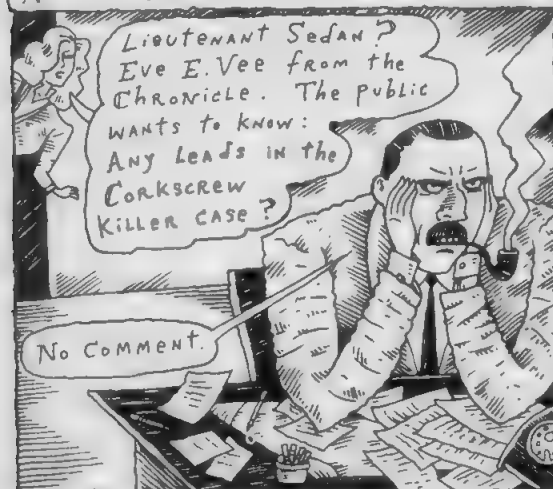


Of course! UNRAVELING this CONVOLUTED
 FORMULA WAS CHILD'S PLAY FOR SOMEONE WITH
 SKILLS AS REMARKABLE AS MINE. HOWEVER,
 I CONFESS, IT'S ACTUAL USEFULNESS
 REMAINS SOMEWHAT UNCLEAR.

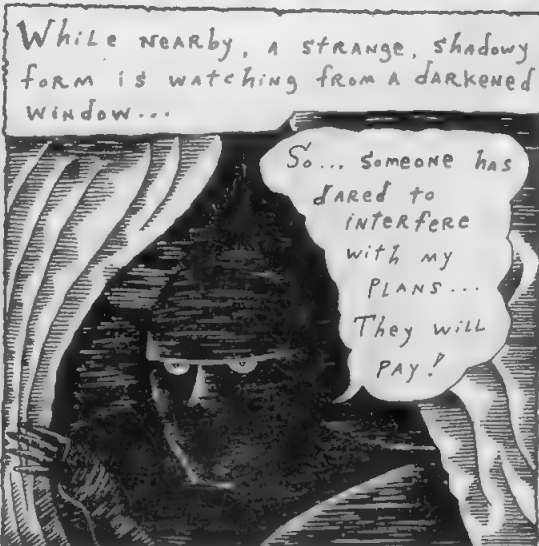
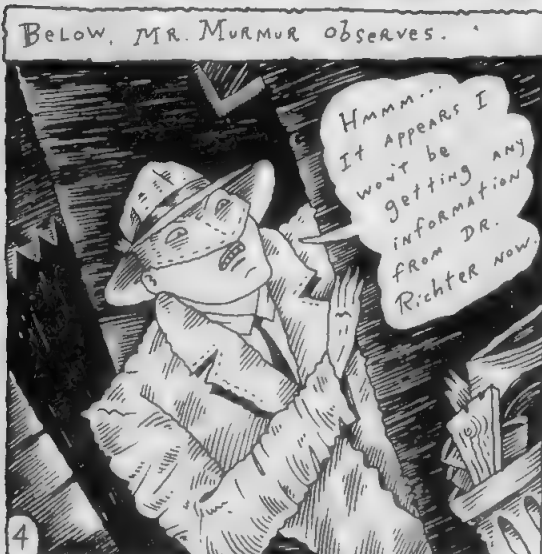
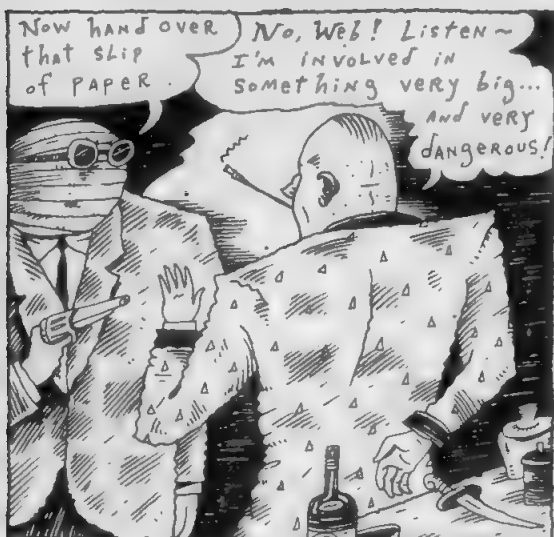




Not Long After, at Police H.Q. ...







LATER, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN

I regret to say we will not be joined tonight by either DR. Klick or DR. Richter.

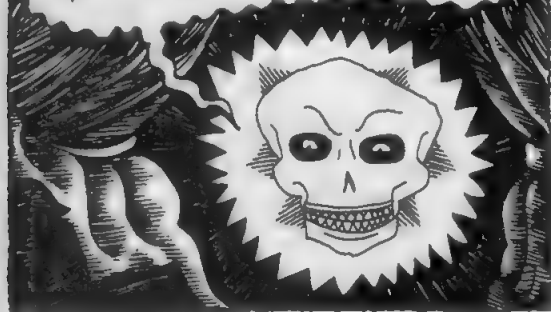


They have become suddenly... UNAVAILABLE.

So now it is up to the three of you... DR. WELLS, DR. LYNX, AND DR. VERLORENE.



MEDDLERS ARE AFOOT, AND THE GRAND PLAN COULD GO AWRY. SO IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT I RECEIVE EACH OF YOUR DECIPHERED SECTIONS OF THE FORMULA SOON ~ SO THAT THE FORBIDDEN EXPERIMENT CAN BEGIN!



MEANWHILE...

Hmm... Some of the Wheezer's victims used to work together at a small esoteric clinic out in the ARIZONA desert. ... Coincidence?



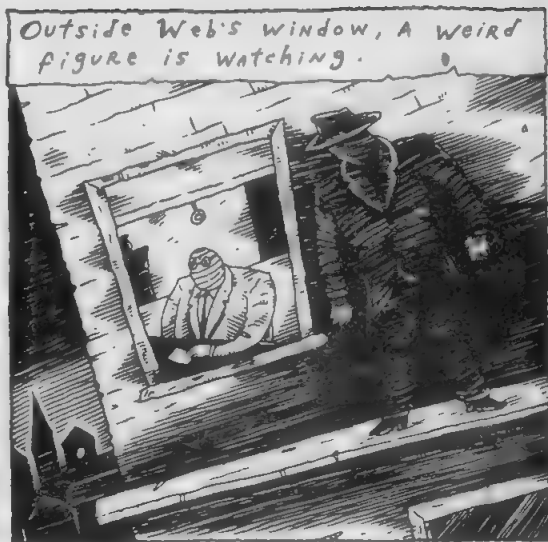
I wonder if ANY other former staff members of that clinic happen to be in town...



At that very moment...

That quick thought he could make a monkey out of me.





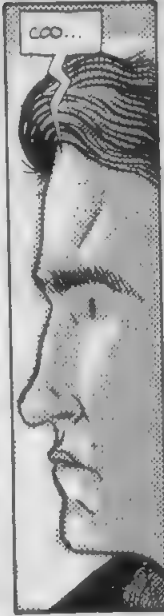
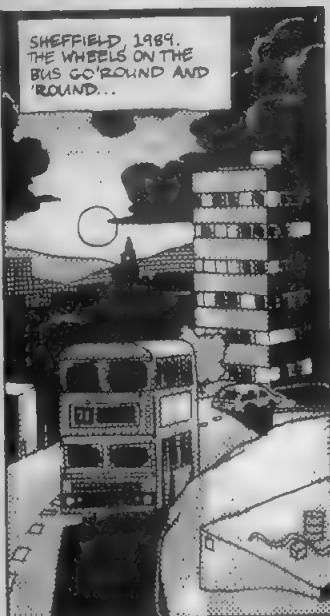
IF THERE! WELCOME TO THE LITTLE EXTRA BIT WHICH RUNS 'ROUND THE EDGE OF THE PAGE. UNLESS BRETT & STEVE HAVE TAKEN AGAINST THIS BIT AND TIPP-ED IT OUT. THE OLD WOMAN SITTING ACROSS THE BUS FROM YOU WILL BE TRYING TO FIGURE OUT EXACTLY WHY IT IS THAT YOU'VE JUST TURNED YOUR COPY OF 'DEADLINE' UPBIDS DOWN. WHAT'AT PEEPERING AT IT CLAUOUSLY. SHE'LL PROBABLY THINK THAT YOU'RE READING SOME KIND OF PORNOGRAPHY. COME TO THINK OF IT, WHY ARE YOU READING THIS? I KNOW WHY I'M WRITING IT. I WANT HUNDREDS OF "DEADLINE" READERS TO SIT ON BUSES, SQUALLY, TURNING THEIR COPIES OVER AND OVER... BUT I'VE ALREADY BEEN INTO THAT. I LIKE THE IDEA OF SOMETHING I WRITE ON THIS PAGE HAVING AN EFFECT ON REAL LIFE. SOMETIMES I JUST SIT ON PAPER BEACHES WITH STICKING PLUMBERS ON MY FACE AND GRIN MADLY. DO YOU EVER GET ALLEGES LIKE THAT? I TRY IF SOMETIMES, THOES NO OTHER FEELING LIKE IT. AND HERE'S A TIP IF YOU WANT A LONG AND HAPPY LIFE: NEVER GIVE PLEGT-BACKS TO OVERWEIGHT WOMEN WHO'AST DRINKING. I'LL HAVE ANOTHER CUNT NEXT MONTH. I'VE GOT TO GO AND MAKE ALISON A BIRTHDAY CARD RIGHT NOW. STEE! ST

La Unua! Timmulo

WRITER:
MOLLY EYRE

ARTIST:
D'ISRAELI
D'EMON
DRAUGHTSMAN

LETTERER:
H.V. DERCI



D'NEXT:
SATANIST!

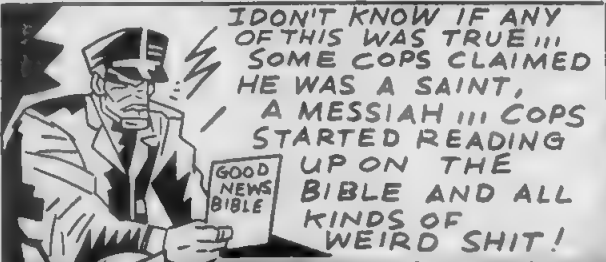


AMEN



ANDERTON'S DEATH HAD A PROFOUND EFFECT ON A LOT OF COPS!!!

THERE WAS TALK THAT HE'D INJECTED HIMSELF WITH THE VIRUS, IN ORDER TO FIND A CURE!!!
THERE WAS TALK OF AN ANDERTON SHROUD LIKE THE ONE IN TURIN!!!



IT DON'T KNOW IF ANY OF THIS WAS TRUE!!! SOME COPS CLAIMED HE WAS A SAINT, A MESSIAH!!! COPS STARTED READING UP ON THE BIBLE AND ALL KINDS OF WEIRD SHIT!

THEY BUILT A WATCH-TOWER HERE IN THE CITY,

SHAKY TEEN NUKEHEAD KANE -



ED SHINE A LIGHT INTO
WINNER'S WINDOWS, AT NIGHT

HANDS ABOVE
THE COVERS !!

I'VE
SHINE
PED
MI

FORNICATOR
TERMINATORS-

GODS COPS -
THE AMEN - IT
WAS A GOOD CRACK!

erasure



his whole face is like
a scar

but not a cutting one...
not a slicing one

more like a scraping one
or a burning one...

it's wide
like it's a wide blur

erased,
but the crumbs,
aren't blown away
or anything...

like someone saw how
he was turning out

and they didn't like it.



they had second thoughts

he walks funny too.

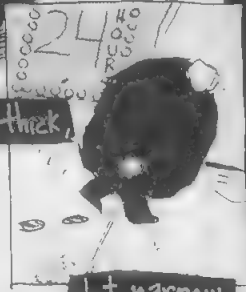
No hands at all
Must perceive that
and still be on the
earth

trembling

MAGAZINES
COFFEE & tightrope...

like his tightrope
Keep his balance
on a rope.

...8,000 miles thick,



but narrow.



GENERAL'S WARNING: SMOKING
Cigarettes May Result in Fetal
Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight
his hearing is really pretty good.



GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Contains Carbon Monoxide
he can hear almost anything
through wet green jungle
at anytime.



GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking
Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health
and mines breathing patience
beneath glazed sands...
from anywhere.



GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking
Can Cause Lung Cancer, Heart Disease,
COPD, and may Complicate Pregnancy
and his eyesight.

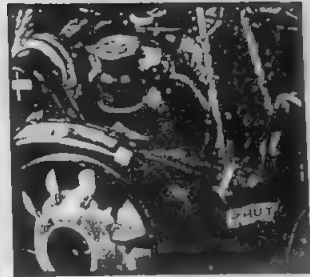
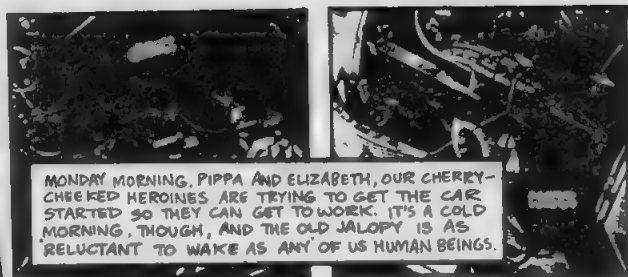
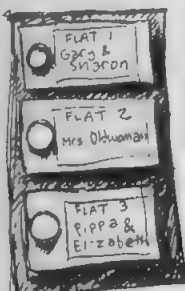
SAVING

states

Beryl the Bitch

© JULIE HOLLINGS 1989





MONDAY MORNING. PIPPA AND ELIZABETH, OUR CHERRY-CHEEKED HEROINES ARE TRYING TO GET THE CAR STARTED SO THEY CAN GET TO WORK. IT'S A COLD MORNING, THOUGH, AND THE OLD JALOPY IS AS RELUCTANT TO WAKE AS ANY OF US HUMAN BEINGS.





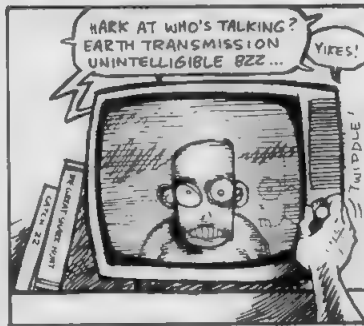
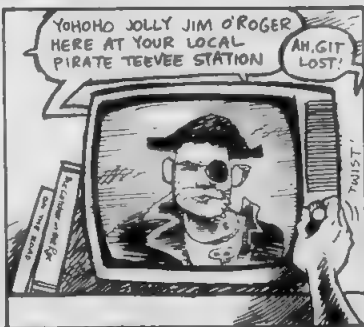
WIRED WORLD

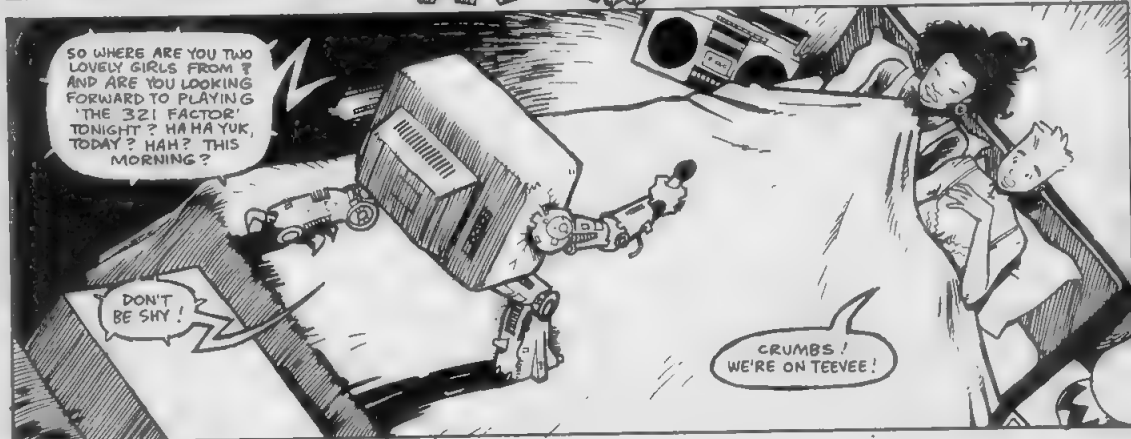
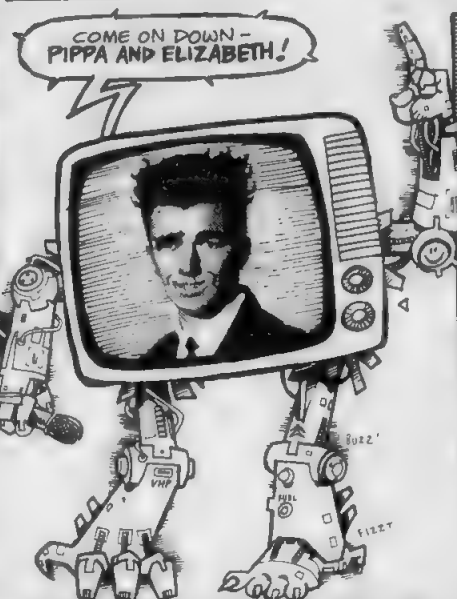
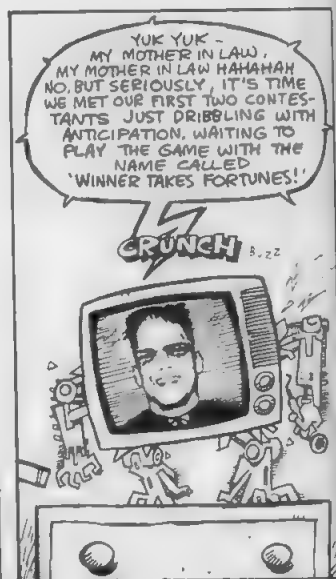
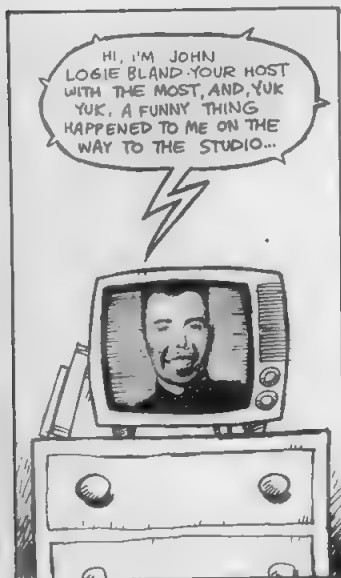
SO BACK TO BED WITH THEM. WHAT BETTER WAY TO SPEND A CHILLY MONDAY MORNING THAN SNUGGLED UP WATCHING THE TEEVEE? ONLY ONE THING COULD MAKE IT MORE COMPLETE...

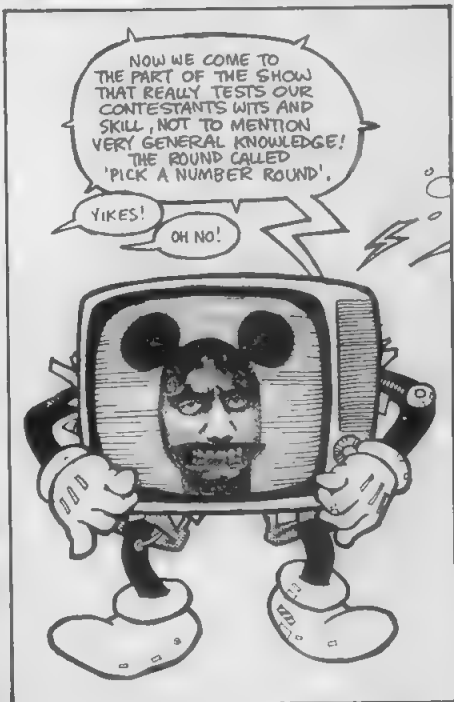
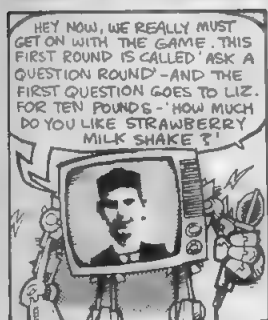
HEY! LET'S ORDER A PIZZA!

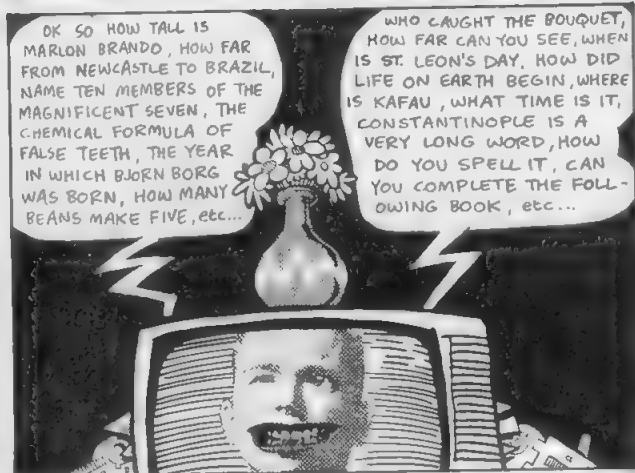
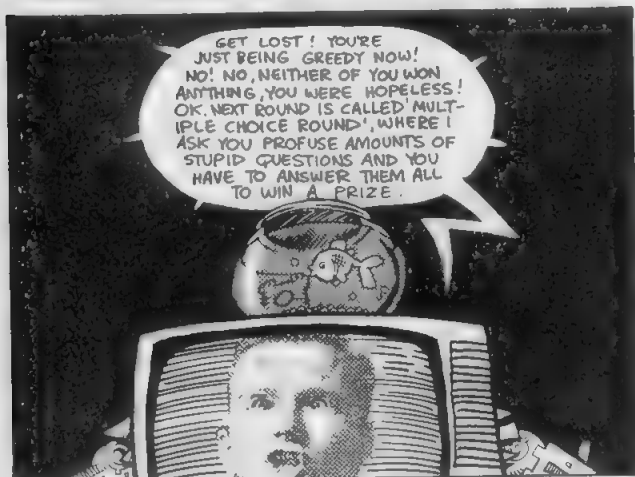
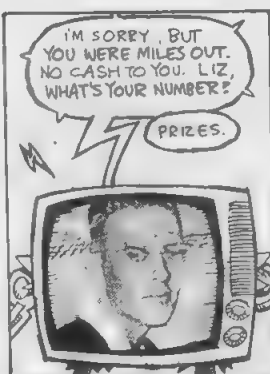
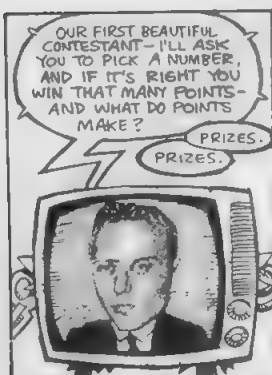
HECK! IF WE'RE GOING TO LIVE IT UP I GUESS WE OUGHT TO DO IT PROPERLY! WHERE'S THE PHONE?

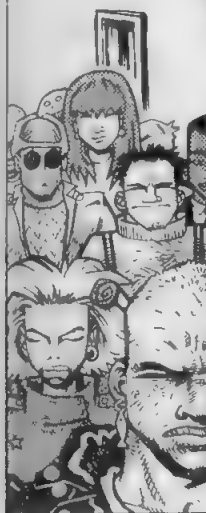


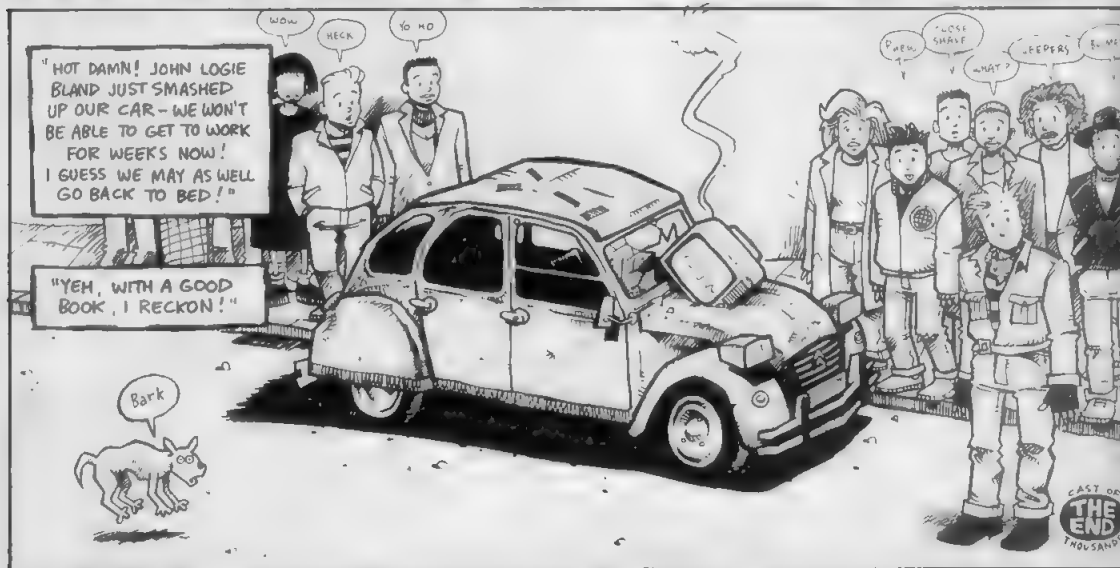
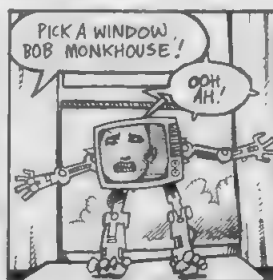
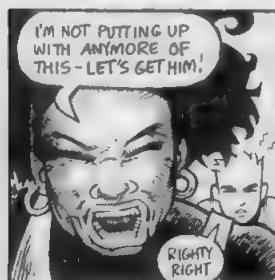




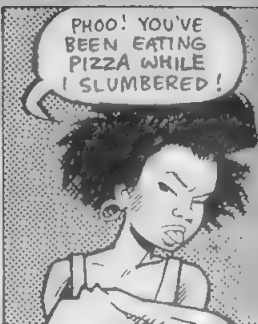








WIRED WORLD '4

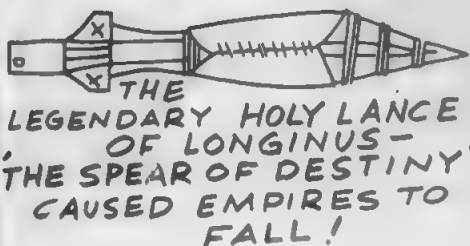


SECRETS OF THE WATCHTOWER

YES SIREE,
GATHERED
HERE ARE
THE WORLDS
MOST
FANTASTIC
RELIGIOUS
CURIOS!



SHAKY
KANE-



THE
LEGENDARY HOLY LANCE
OF LONGINUS-
'THE SPEAR OF DESTINY'
CAUSED EMPIRES TO
FALL!



THE PAPAL
BULLETS-
BROUGHT
POPE JOHN
PAUL TO
HIS KNEES,
ARE THESE
THE SAME BULLETS
THAT SLAYED THE
KENNEDYS ??
WE MIGHT NEVER KNOW!

THE ANDERTON
SHROUD-FAKE OR
WHAT? SCIENCE
CANNOT PROVE
OR DISPROVE ITS
AUTHENTICITY!

THE TABLETS OF THE TEN
COMMANDMENTS-
'THOU SHALT NOT' THEY
SAY, AND 'SHALT NOT'
WE DO!

AND FINALLY--
THE VESTMENTS
OF THE ANGELS,
BLOODRED BERET
AND T-SHIRT
WORN OVER
FORMAL SHIRT!



BETWEEN YOU AN' ME-
I'M NOT TOO SURE
ABOUT THAT LAST ONE!

SUB SERENE



I've seen god

I've seen god
I've seen god
and she's d

Woman



THAT WAS NEW LURVE AND
THEIR NEW SINGLE GOD
TAKEN FROM THEIR CURRENT
DIGI-DISC BIASPHEMY

YOU CAN CATCH THEIR
TEMPORAL-TOUR AT ANY
ONE OF FIFTY VENUES
THROUGHOUT THE CITY
THIS FRIDAY BETWEEN
8:00 PM AND MIDNIGHT...

THEY'RE GOING TO BE
GOOD AND I SHOULD
KNOW I VISITED THIS
FRIDAY, LAST WEEK

... EVERY YEAR WE DO A
SPECIAL WIND-UP OF THE
CRIMINAL FRATERNITY IN
CONJUNCTION WITH THE
BAGHDAD BUREAU OF
TENSION REMOVAL...

... IT STARTED,
AS ALWAYS, WITH
A RATHER DUBIOUS
NEWS ITEM...

PSST! HEY READER, THIS IS SYD SERENE WITHOUT HIS HAT ON!

INTRODUCING THE TERRIBLE TRANS-SEXUAL YETI TWINS & THEIR BOSS, SAM D'SCAM!

DOWN AT THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL
DIG AT SOUTH BABYLON THEY'VE
JUST UNCOVERED A CAVE THAT
ANSWERS TO THE NAME OF
"OPEN SESAME" AND FOUND A...



...FABULOUS HOARD OF
GOLD AND WHAT'S MORE
OUR AUNTIE NELLIE WORKS
THERE!



ANY IDEAS
Mc GREY?



AUNTIE NELLIE WORKS IN
THE CANTEEN AND
ARCHAEOLOGISTS ARE
KNOWN FOR THEIR RATHER
RIDGID LIFESTYLE...



AND SO...

I FEEL A BIT OF A
THIRST COMING ON

ME TOO

TEA AND BUSCVITS
PROFESSOR?

THIS IS THE LAST
ONE MR D'SCAM!

THIS GOLD IS
VERY HEAVY

AR DIDDUMS

PSST.
WANT TO SEE
A GANG OF REALLY
EMBARRASSED
CROOKS?

OK. WELL, ON THE
COUNT OF THREE I
WANT YOU TO TURN
OVER THE PAGE AND
SHOUT "APRIL FOOL!"
ONE, TWO, THREE...



This is a true cartoon story!

MILK & CHEESE

(non-famous) "Dairy products gone bad" in
License to III



Only the facts were changed to protect the indifferent.

© 1991
 even 'no future'
 dorkin
 B



Lately I've been thinking, Milk old boy, that we two will never be as famous as 'Garfield'.



Mm I agree...

...He's my favorite president.



When president Garfield was shot, he said... 'it hurts.' Then he died.

An intuitive man. A knowledgeable statesman.



What I mean is, I wish someone would license us as beloved cartoon properties.

DONK!

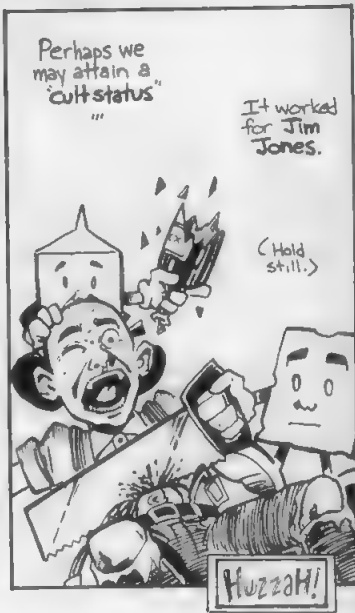
Um.



Your argument holds water, mein cheese. We are doomed to obscurity.

Better than Bayome.

Shhh! (hee-hee)



Perhaps we may attain a 'cult status'...

It worked for Jim Jones.

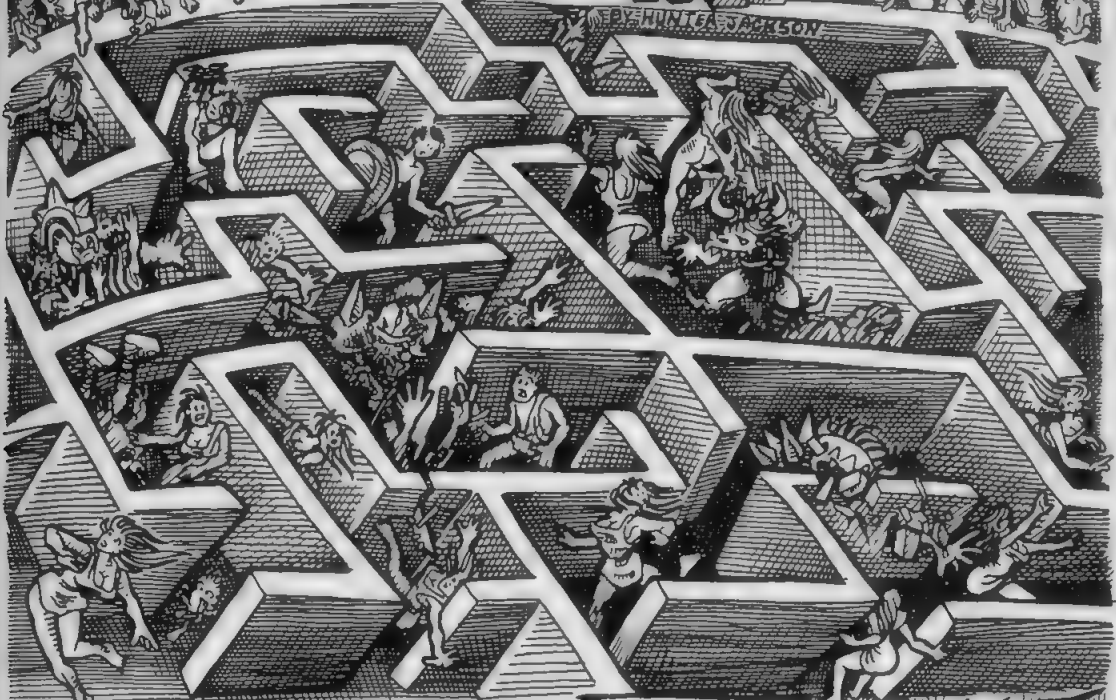
(Hold still.)

Huzzah!

FOR A TIME THE SCUMDOGS
BECAME KNOWN AS
"THE MINOTAURS."

GWAR!

THEY PERFORMED
CANNIBALISTIC BLOOD
ORGIES IN THE LABYRINTHS
OF KING MINOS.



MR. SLAVE, IF
YOU PERSIST IN THESE
FLIGHTS OF FANCY,
THIS COURT WILL FIND
YOU IN CONTEMPT!

YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND!

THE SAME
THING COULD
HAPPEN
TO YOUR
CULTURE.

I'LL NEVER FORGET
THAT BIG PARTY
IN ATLANTIS.

THE BENEVOLENT RULER OF ATLANTIS
HAD A GREAT FEAST, INVITING ALL THE
LEADERS OF THE WORLD.

FROM THIS DAY
FORWARD HUMAN
SUFFERING IS
OVER!

G-WAR WAS
THERE TOO.



A FRIENDLY BEING FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION IS HERE TO SHOW US THE PATH TO ETERNAL PEACE AND ENLIGHTENMENT.

GREETINGS FROM THE PLANE OF FUDGE.

IT WAS HORRIBLE! SUDDENLY GWAR FELL ON THE FUDGE AND DEVoured IT.

OH NOOOO... THE HUMAN RACE IS LOST!

YUM! DESSERT!

MMM... CHOC'LATY.

THE WORLD PEACE CONFERENCE OF 1500 B.C. DETERIORATED INTO A WILD ORGY. GWAR PLANTED THEIR DEMON SEED INTO ALL MANNER OF CREATURES.

THE RESULTING MUTANT OFFSPRING, RELEASED ON UNSUSPECTING HUMANITY WOULD INSPIRE MYTHS AND LEGENDS FOR CENTURIES.



THE EXCESS TOOK IT'S TOLL ON BEEFKAKE THE MIGHTY.

I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE VOMITORIUM!

NOOO! NOT! HERE.

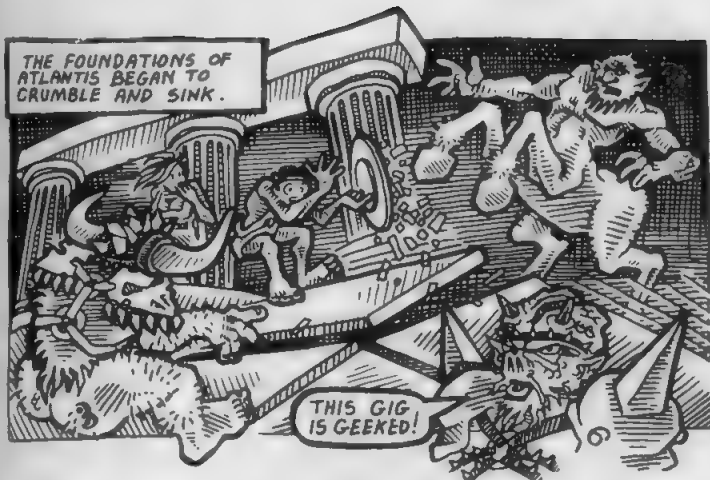
NO! NO! DON'T PULL THE PLUG!

AWAY, ILL MANNERED LACKEYS!

NOOO!



THE FOUNDATIONS OF ATLANTIS BEGAN TO CRUMBLE AND SINK.

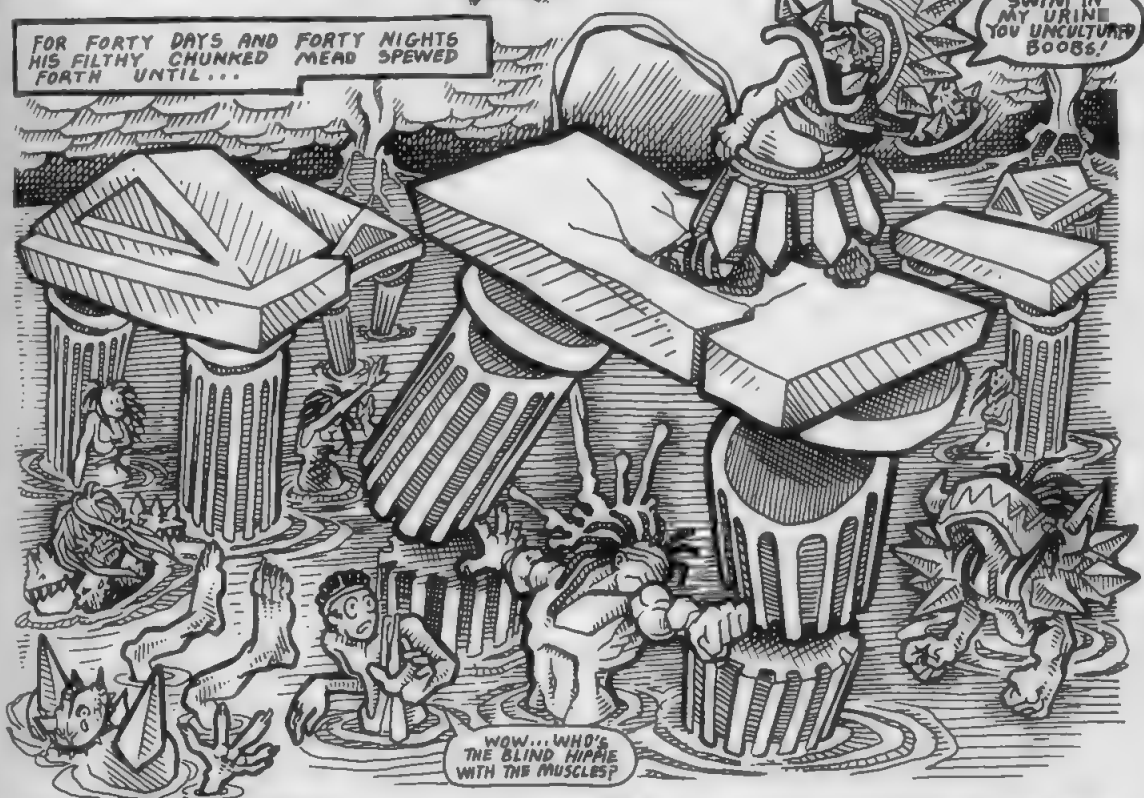


HANG IT UP PUNK, THAT INSANITY PLEA DON'T HOLD NO WATER NO MORE.

I'M NOT MAKING IT UP, IT'S ALL THERE IN YOUR OWN RELIGIOUS BOOKS.



FOR FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS HIS FILTHY CHUNKED MEAD SPEWED FORTH UNTIL...



SWIM IN MY URINE YOU UNCULTURED BOOBS!

SUDDENLY A HUGE BOAT FULL OF WILD ANIMALS APPEARED ON THE HORIZON.



SAVE US! SAVE US!

NOPE. SORRY, BUT THIS FLOOD IS AN ACT OF GOD TO CLEANSE THE EARTH OF FILTH LIKE YOU.



BUT... ER... UH COULD WE BORROW A COUPLE A BAGS OF KITTY LITTER?



HUGO TATE IN A RARE GEM

FOR the "KIDDO"

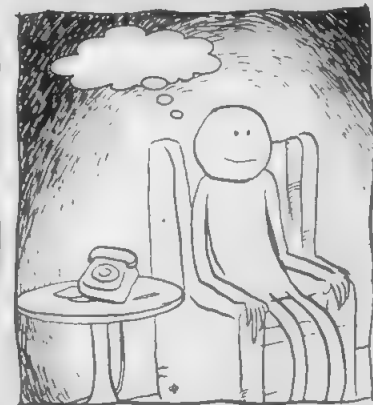
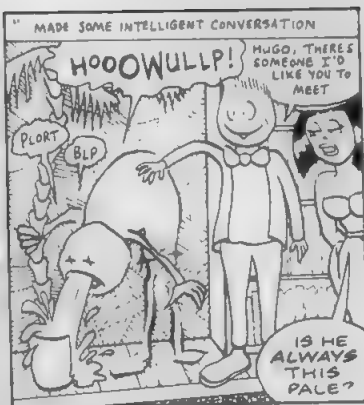
© Nick ABADZIS '88/'89

A "TATE" GALLERY PRESENTATION.



I am not a pretentious slag Tate





THIS MONTH'S QUOTE "IF IT'S INAPPROPRIATE, PUT IT IN" - JOHN BUCKER © 1998

MAJ. MILHOUS MILTON in

HOT TRIGGERS

© 1999 PHILIP BOND!

"IN TIMES OF WAR, I
SAID TO THE GIRLS,
IT'S IMPORTANT TO
KEEP YOUR JETAIRCRAFT
CLEAN AND READY FOR
ACTION AT A MOMENT'S
NOTICE. THE COMMUNIST
THREAT CAN REAR ITS
UGLY HEAD AT ANY TIME!
SO WHILE THE GIRLS ARE
DOING THEIR CHORES
I'M TAKING A BREAK
WATCHING MISTER ED.
WHEN SUDDENLY THERE'S
THIS ..."

MAIL CALL!

HEY
WARRA...

OKEY DOKE,
MAJOR. A HUGE
PILE FOR YOU,
AS PER USUAL.

THANKS,
SUKI.

CHOCHO - THERE'S A
CARD FROM YOUR MAM AND
YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FROM
'NAM-THE GORE' QUARTERLY.

SUZUKI - YOU'VE GOT
A TIMESHARE BROCHURE!

DANG ME IF
I AIN'T WON THE
BIG PRIZE!
WIN!

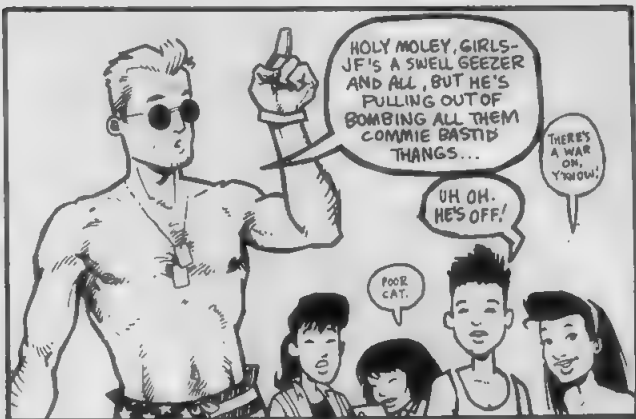
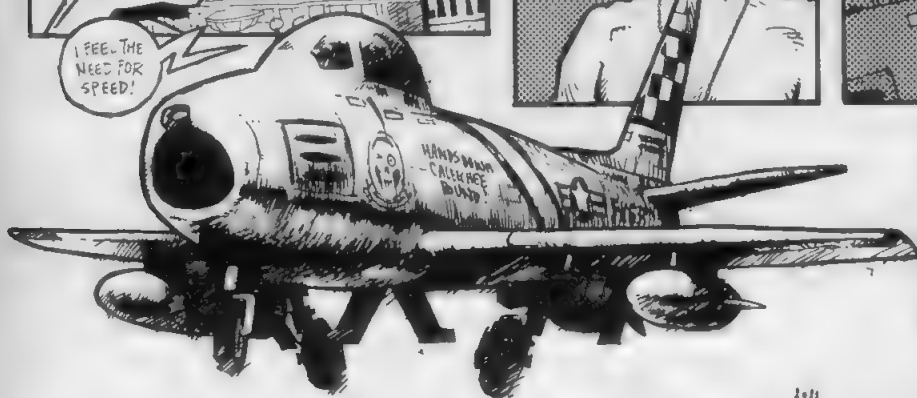
AND FOR
ME - A
PACKAGE
FROM MY
MAIN
MAN!

YOU SURE THERE'S
NOTHING FOR ME,
BOSS?

HUH?

HERE YOU GO,
HONDA, THERE'S A
POSTCARD FOR ONE
OF THE PILOTS
WHO WERE HERE
BEFORE I GOT
YOU GIRLS IN -
YOU CAN
HAVE THAT!

WOW,
THANKS,
MAJOR!





Poison Idea

POWER MASTERS

BY CHRIS WANNER

Ten years of booze, blood, badmouthing, and backstabbing haven't stopped Poison Idea. And now, a blistering new album stands ready to reaffirm their claim to the throne as Kings of Punk.

The sky is blue and the air is warm with a touch of gentle breeze rustling the leaves of a quiet suburban neighborhood—hardly the kind of backdrop you'd imagine for the screaming, painful birth of a Poison Idea record. Sprawled face down in the grass outside the tiny Sound Impressions recording studio is P.I.

I blacked out on Friday, that's always fun./You told me I was shooting off my gun./Last thing I remember, I was laughing./Your house was burning down, but I seemed happy. —"What Happened to Sunday?"

—words by Jerry A

Anytime there's a movement it always gets co-opted and turned into what it was against in the first place. That's why we don't stay on record labels and do it ourselves."

—Pig Champion

frontman Jerry A, decked by a combination of frustration, exhaustion, and St. Ides Malt Liquor. Jerry's mission is to lay down vocal tracks for all thirteen new tunes in one day, and it just ain't working out. Four long days of recording and libation have taken their toll on the boys; the session degenerating into oblivion. For the moment the band have lost their edge. Jerry wants to go home. Human havstack guitarist Pig Champion tries to peptalk the weary singer into walking through the remaining songs, cutting 'scratch

When somebody says something that's really true, you either laugh or you're scared of it. Because we're basically an honest group of psychos, people are afraid of us.

—Pig Champion

Everybody here in town wants to play it safe. They don't want to make any waves.

—Mondo

We're banned from venues in this town. They've said at (local venue) that they won't let us play because we have a negative name. And then they book bands like Death Angel and Grievous Bodily Harm—or Danzig, who has this huge fucking upside-down cross on stage! But we can't play, nooo...

—Slayer Hippy

After you've been doing it for ten or eleven years, and you've got I don't know how many records out, it's pretty hard to analyze it. You just do it.

—Pig Champion



tracks" as reference points for final takes at some future date. Trying to stir Jerry's embers, Champion chides, "If you were Henry Rollins, you'd be doing pushups!"

Jerry, of course, played out the hand, the vocals were rerecorded later, and it should come as no surprise that the end product is yet another volcanic testament to the overwhelming power of the P.I. sound.

Poison Idea have never made a bad record. In fact, they've never really made a good record. Their worst efforts have been merely outstanding, their best becoming unqualified classics of the genre; but the new record (untitled as we go into production) has all the earmarks of being P.I.'s best to date, and that's no small feat.

But then again, the fact that Poison Idea still exists is in itself no minor miracle, much less that they're still capable of creating such astonishing, visceral music without castrating their vision or altering their sound to cater to trends. In fact, Poison Idea is one of only a handful of bands who have continued to flourish creatively while remaining true to their Punk roots. It's ironic that even though underground music has grown in acceptance over the years, true pure Punk is hardly more acceptable today than it was in 1977. Even in the underground scene itself, genuine Punk is an uncomfortable,

gigs on another continent than in their home town. Club owners have banned them just because their name sounds too negative. Tours have been torpedoed by naysayers who didn't care for the band's lack of politically correct etiquette. Record labels have robbed them. Straight-edge critics have slagged them. They've survived car wrecks, mass desertions, countless physical injuries, mythic alcohol punishment. They've stuck to their guns in a genre where failure, compromise, or burnout are virtual certainties, for the audience as well

as the musicians. One cannot remain true to this creed without a gutfull of grim determination coupled with a sort of aggressive denial, a refusal to look too far into the future or to stop long enough to analyze the present. Like a prizefighter, it's when you stop reacting instinctively and start thinking about what you're doing that you catch the hammer that spikes you for the count. Punk is a dark road travelled only at full speed with no lights.

So Poison Idea keeps bucking the odds, touring, and making records. They've survived a blizzard of personnel changes and have at last settled into a lineup that looks like it's going to take. Founding fathers Jerry A and Pig Champion form the core of the unit featuring drummer/producer/whiz kid Slayer Hippy, bass player and token normal-sized-guy Myrtle Tickner, and new guitarist Mondo, formerly bass player Mondo in an

Some people disintegrate, either spiritually or emotionally. One way or another, they lose touch.

—Pig Champion

Switzerland was very receptive...and the food was good.

—Mondo

Once people in Europe are fans of a genre, they follow it and stick with it. America is the Wild West—it's what's on your plate.

—Pig Champion

The bands that are out there now are like, "Okay, we gotta do this, and we gotta do this, and we gotta change the way we sound," to make what they think they need to make. Whereas with us, we're writing songs, we're doing what we do, and we don't give a fuck. We're not out there to please any pissant."

—Mondo

earlier P.I. incarnation. After a revolving door of lead guitarists—some lasting not much longer than it'll take to read this story—Mondo brings a style, sound, and rhythmic savvy not unlike that of Champion. Solo guitar histrionics have been shelved in favor of a tighter, raunchier, direct guitar attack of riveting intensity. Slammed into the breach just prior to last spring's European tour, Mondo earned his spurs in manly fashion as P.I. pounded out thirty shows in six weeks across Switzerland, Austria, Germany, the Netherlands, Wales, and England. The tour drew large, frenzied crowds and rave reviews. Melody Maker writer Ian Watson said of the University of London show. "This is as wild

It's not often that a group of fine musicians like these boys here get to be in the circle where there's great deals of brilliant, glowing light coming out of us! And all we know about music is in the cupboards and in the boxes over there...and it coalesces together all at once! I am the ultimate critic! I will have final say! Who's got a cigarette?

—Pig Champion

We're playing a genre of music that's popular with fifteen-year-old boys, and we're shooting way over their heads, musically and lyrically.

—Pig Champion

seems to be P.I.'s core following, where audiences seem to be less inundated by media overkill and the flavor-of-the-month

sound coupled with the unpredictably dangerous—and often hilarious—berserker antics of frontman Jerry A. Unfortunately, Poison Idea are better known as a recording act (having released three albums, two twelve-inch eps, a mini-album, eight seven-inch records, as well as contributing to countless compilations) than as a live band due to their sporadic touring, which stems from a combination of bad luck, an indifferent West Coast scene, and direct sabotage by the forces of evil. East Coast support for the band—and Punk, in general—remains solid, but Europe now



as it gets—extreme hardcore, total noise, complete chaos...Hardcore gig of the year."

Few bands can hold a candle to Poison Idea as a live band, period. Their shows are legendary for the disciplined ferocity of their

There are a lot of bands putting out Punk records. They're just no good.

—Pig Champion

mindset endemic to American music. As American underground bands scramble to the stylistic salad bar, mixing genre with subgenre in a futile arms' race that ultimately results in trivialization and insubstantiality, P.I.'s explicit, timeless power



scatters such detritus as easily as Jerry A scatters moshers in the pit. The new album makes this abundantly clear.

Much of Poison Idea's strength lies in their sense of history. Pig Champion and Jerry A were wide awake and taking notes when Punk's first wave broke, and both of P.I.'s warhorses have voracious appetites for root forms. One would be hard-pressed to find a more educated scholar of the genre than Champion. Whereas most band's sounds are little more than artifice—obvious, ham-handed appropriations lacking any of the spirit and intelligence of the source material—Poison Idea's knowledge and experience give their music an authenticity and authority that most bands can only envy.

And all that background is only the foundation. P.I.'s spectacular instrumental skill, songwriting prowess, and studio acumen are second to none in their domain. With these elements tempered by an absolute dogged determination to be neither compromised nor exploited in exchange for dubious career considerations, the end product can be nothing less than memorable. Much like the new album.

While every Poison Idea release is an event, this record is different from its predecessors. Most P.I. albums have been written over a fairly long interval and have often been recorded in spurts, sometimes separated by many months. Such is the nature of the beast and the fiscal limitations inherent in the underground. While this has not

crucible and was then recorded while the tunes were still white-hot. Jerry A, true punk

You just gotta be bullheaded. I know what I like, whether its food, movies, alcohol, drugs, art, or music. You either know what you like or you don't. If you don't, you can be like so many people, drifting from one genre to another. If you have a vision, you stick with that.

—Pig Champion

It sounds like a record rather than five different projects put together as a record. It sounds much more powerful all the way through.

—Slayer Hippy

The five of us wrote this record. We worked together. We worked hard in Europe on the tour. This is a product of our hard work, and I think it shows.

—Mondo

This new record is getting back to more of the roots of Poison Idea.

—Mondo

diminished the quality of those releases—obviously—it has left some with a less unified feel and sound than the band might have preferred. Also, P.I.'s three full-length albums—the speedcore classic, *Kings of Punk*, the thrash-metal tinged *War All the Time*, and last year's titanic *Feel the Darkness*—have been scrapbooks of bands in transition, featuring musicians who were on their way out at record's release. The new record, however, was written immediately after the band had melded in the touring

Another added wrinkle to the project was the inclusion of a high-profile hired gun brought in for the mixdown phase. While Slayer Hippy named the production board along with longtime P.I. engineer Bob Stark, all under the watchful eye of Champion, producer Ian Burgess (Big Black, Naked Raygun) was flown in from Chicago to mix the tracks. Emerging from this collaboration is a massive, uncluttered sound as raw and jolting as if Poison Idea were playing live in your living room. Each song roars seamlessly into the next, constantly shifting gears, but always sounding like the same big-block, turbocharged engine.

And what songs! From the thrash salvo of "Smack Attack," to the molten, riff-hungry "You're Next," and on



through the Texas-style blitzkrieg barbecue of "Forever and Always," this crunching masterpiece is among the most purely Punk albums to come down the pike in years. All the P.I. themes are in focus and in force: betrayal, rebellion, alienation, substance abuse, the liberating force of anger. And the patented dark humor of the band is never far from the front. "Punish Me" is the single from the album (backed with unreleased "Mario the Cop," a 1989 recording written by Pig Champion culled from his pre-P.I. outfit, the late lamented Imperialist Pigs), a hilarious tip-of-the-hat to Ultra-Women fandom, that sub-sub-subcult of men whose vision of heaven is to be physically overcome by female bodybuilders and the like. And no self-respecting Poison Idea collection would be complete without a battery of loving tributes: the obligatory Scorsese homage of "Ice Picks at Dawn," "Punish Me" with its Tura Satana intro, and perhaps (at least to this writer) the most loving of all, a breathtaking, nearly note-for-note rendition of

Brutal superhuman waste/Fifty-foot junkies from outer space/High tolerance beings of another race/Heading for a smack attack/Lie to your face without making a sound/Clean out your house when you're not around/Fence all he took in a single bound/Heading for a smack attack. —"Smack Attack"
—words by Jerry A

I know I've never been a saint/I've lived a life of deceit and lies/Now I'm crawling on my hands and knees/Begging to be chastized/Dominate me physically/Cripple me emotionally/Suffocate me so I can't breathe/I can't breathe!
—"Punish Me"

—words by Jerry A

I know we shouldn't be so mad./We're out of line, we're out of place./But we found strength we didn't know we had/As we punch each other in the face. —"Icepicks at Dawn"
—words by Jerry A

The New York Dolls' "Vietnamese Baby." Your brains are too small to imagine it!

As I write this, P.I. are entertaining offers for the record, preparing the single release, and firming up tour plans. The new lineup works and plays well together and should be solid for years to come. The new record is their best yet, and much of their older material is again becoming available, and on CD for the first time. Many of the barriers that littered their path seem to be crumbling. If my perception (and fervent hope!) is correct—and the big-name tour disasters of the summer may well be the first sign—that the current monolith of rehearsed, repainted, crazy-quilt pastiche horseshit is ready to come crashing down, then the '90s could well be a sweet decade for Poison Idea. All they have to do is keep doing what they've always done. And keep breathing.

For further information, or to obtain Poison Idea product, contact
•American Leather Records•Box 86333
•Portland, OR 97286



YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT
ALBINO TEDDY BOYS AND
BING CROSBY GOT
IN COMMON? SO SHUT UP
AND LISTEN

IT ALL STARTED WHEN I WAS PAID TO
DELIVER A **STRANGE-LOOKING BOX**
TO AN EVEN STRANGER-LOOKING
GEEZER...

HERE'S THE BOX, BIGEARS
WHERE'S THE DOSH?

EXCELLENT! EXCELLENT!
JUST LET ME MAKE SURE
IT'S THE RIGHT ONE!

THE JUG-HEAD WAS SOME KIND OF
OCCULTIST. HE COMPARED THE BOX TO AN
OLD KEY HE ALREADY HAD AND HE KEPT
SAYING...

BING! BING! I'VE FOUND YOU,
OH BING CROSBY!

YOU'LL FIND ONE OF YOUR **LEGS**
MISSING IF YOU DON'T FLASH THE CASH.

MY NAME'S **JOHNNY NEMO**. BY THE WAY, I'M A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR. IT'S NOT MUCH
OF A WAY TO EARN A LIVING, BUT YOU GET TO MEET A LOT OF INTERESTING PEOPLE.

MOST OF WHOM YOU GET TO MURDER.

YOU DON'T
REALIZE **HOW**
IMPORTANT
THIS IS! WITH
THIS BOX AND
THIS KEY, I HAVE
THE GREATEST
POWER SINCE
THE ARK OF THE
COVENANT!

JUST CUT THE
CRAP AND CHUCK
US THE CHEQUE,
PRINCE CHARLIE.

IT WAS THEN
THINGS STARTED
TO GET OUT OF
HAND...

CRACK!

THIS IS TWENTY-FIFTH CENTURY
NEW LONDON FOR YOU. IT'S NOT
EXACTLY RENOWNED FOR ITS
COMMUNITY SPIRIT...

GNNG... NEMO -
D-DON'T LET THEM
GET THE BOX...

SMACK!

THE STREETS ARE FILTHY, THE POOR ARE DOWNTRODDEN,
THE NATIONAL HEALTH IS SO UNDERFUNDED YOU HAVE TO
WAIT TWO YEARS FOR AN ABORTION...

BOINK!

BUT IT'S A GRIN...

BUTT!

UNNGH!

FEW MINUTES LATER THE BLEACH
BOYS HAD SCARPERED. THEY HAD
THE BOX. BUT I HAD THE KEY...

AND LUGHOLES HAD
A WALLET...

CHEERS,
BIGEARS.

SO I HAVE A MOUTH SHAKE WITH SWOON,
DEMON BARPERSON AND FAMED
HORRORACLE OF THE MYSTIC EAST END...

ALBINO, IS IT? TEDDY BOYS? SPRAY
NO MORE. DODGY GITS.

OPERATE IN
LONDON NOW BUT CAME FROM DOVER.
THAT BOGHOLE IN KENT NEAR THE OLD
TUNNEL NO ONE EVER USES...

JOHNNY NEMO[®] in THE WHITE QUIFFS OF DOVER

CREATED BY PETE MILLIGAN AND BRETT EWINS

SOON I'M BACK IN MY OFFICE, HAVING A MARTIAN LIBIDO-LEECH MASSAGE AND LISTENIN' TO KALINA, MY ROBOTIC SECRETARY AND OCCASIONAL PLAYTHING.

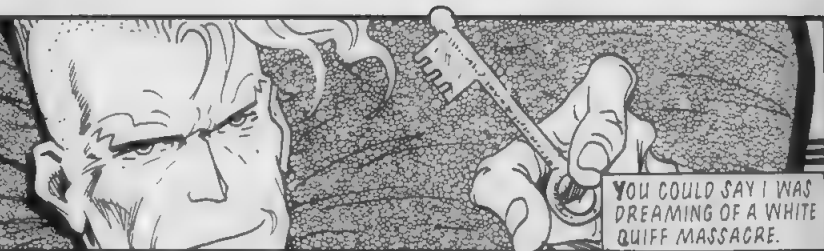
HAVEN'T COME UP WITH MUCH ABOUT THE WHITE QUIFFS, JOHNNY, BUT GOT SOMETHING INTERESTING ON BING CROSBY.

SEEMS THERE'S A FELLOW WHO BELIEVES CROSBY WAS DIVINE, A GOD ON EARTH. HE WROTE A BOOK ABOUT IT...

IT WAS CALLED 'THE UNBEARABLE LIGHTNESS OF BING!'

STORY • PETE MILLIGAN • ART • BRETT EWINS • LETTERS • TOM FRAME • ©1988

THERE WAS MORE THAN JUST PRIDE AT STAKE HERE, THERE WAS MONEY. WHATEVER WAS IN THE BOX MUST HAVE BEEN VALUABLE. AND THOSE ALBINO TEDS HAD TO BE TAUGHT A LESSON



YOU COULD SAY I WAS DREAMING OF A WHITE QUIFF MASSACRE.

I TAP INTO KALINA'S BODY COMPUTER AND GET A FAST-DUB RUNDOWN ON THE LIFE OF BING CROSBY.

I ONLY FALL ASLEEP TWICE.



THEN I'M POINTING LOLA, MY ROLLS-ROYCE SKIMMER, ACROSS TIER, HEADING FOR THE BLOKE WHO WROTE THAT UNBEARABLE LIGHTNESS BILGE...

OUTA THE WAY, STOOL BRAIN.

CRUMP!



A BLOKE CALLED WILLY IDLE. STUPID NAME. STUPID FACE.

IT WAS WRITTEN IN AN ANCIENT HEBREW TEXT:

'AND THERE SHALT COME A CROONER, AND LO HE SHALT HAVE THE EYES OF BLUE, AND A PARTICULAR PART OF HIS ANATOMY SHALL BE OUTRAGEOUSLY MAGICAL...

DING



'...AND VERILY HE WHO COMETH TO OWN THIS BIT OF THE CROONER SHALT CONTROL A DEMONIC FORCE, AND HE SHALT BE STINKING RICH...'



THE BOX CONTAINING THE
CROONER'S RELIC IS
HERMETICALLY SEALED.
IF IT IS OPENED BY
ANYTHING BUT THAT KEY,
IT WILL DESTROY
ITSELF.

IF YOU LIKE I'LL
LOOK AFTER IT...

GET STUFFED. JUST TELL
ME WHAT PART OF
CROSBY'S IN THE
BOX, IDLE

HIS LEFT TESTICLE, MR NEMO.
POSSIBLY THE MOST POTENT
OCCULT FORCE ON THIS
PLANE OF EXISTENCE.

ONLY ONE OTHER PERSON
KNOWS THIS. IF YOU LIKE,
I CAN ARRANGE A
MEETING...

IT SMELT FISHIER
THAN AN ICELANDIC
BROTHEL, BUT
WHAT THE HELL.

ALL RIGHT, IDLE.
SWOON'S BAR. THIS
TIME TOMORROW.
INFORMAL
DRESS.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER
I'M APPROACHING SWOON'S
BOOZER. DON'T BE STUPID.
OF COURSE I KNOW IT'S A
SET UP.

I JUST LIKE A
CHALLENGE.

DUCK AND
WEAVE, MY SON.
DUCK AND WEAVE.

OOOF!

WATCHA, SWOON.
ANY DANGER OF
SOME SERVICE?

HELP
YOURSELF,
JOHNNY.
I'M A BIT
PREDISPOSED
AT THE
MINUTE.



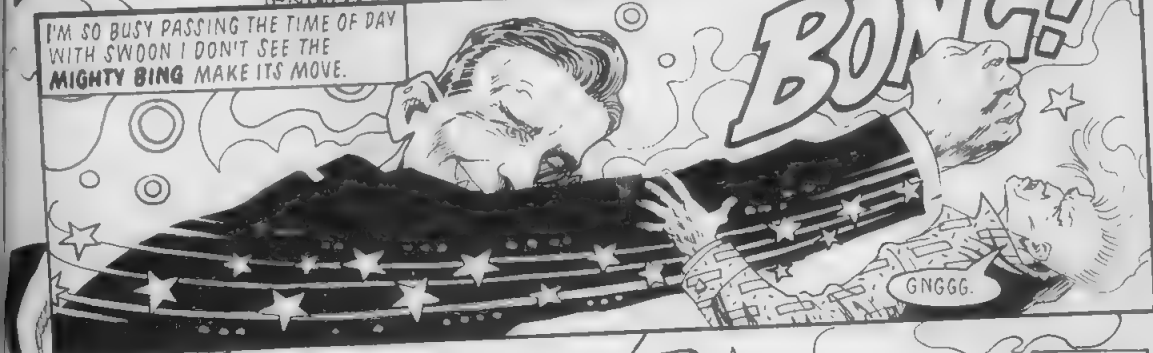


YOU ARE MINE TO COMMAND,
O BING.
SO START OFF BY
PULLING THAT SMUG BASTARD
NEMO APART...



STANDARD OF
CLIENTELE IN
THIS PLACE
IS REALLY
DROPPING.
SWOON.

DON'T TELL ME, WE
HAD THOSE COMIC
COLLECTORS HERE
LAST WEEK. NEVER
SEEN SO MUCH ACNE
IN ME LIFE.



I'M SO BUSY PASSING THE TIME OF DAY
WITH SWOON I DON'T SEE THE
MIGHTY BING MAKE ITS MOVE.

GNGGG.



MY FACE FEELS
LIKE IT'S BEEN
KISSED BY
MOBY DICK.

THE MIGHTY
BING LIFTS
ME OFF THE
FLOOR.

I FEEL THE LIFE BEING SQUEEZED OUT OF ME. JESUS, IT HURTS. I TRY TO REMEMBER THOSE TWO WORDS I DISCOVERED THAT MIGHT BREAK THE SPELL OF THE MIGHTY BING...

THOSE TWO WORDS I DISCOVERED IN MY RESEARCHES ON BING CROSBY...



ONLY TEASING. I REMEMBERED THE WORDS ALL ALONG...

BOB HOPE!



DON'T ASK ME WHAT THE WORDS MEAN. THEY PROBABLY REFER TO SOME ANCIENT AND LOATHSOME CURSE OR SOMETHING...

NICE.



GO ON!
CRUSH HIM!
CRUSH HIM INTO
QUIFF
POWDER!

A FEW SECONDS LATER THE MIGHTY BING IS JUST A MIGHTY MESS ON THE FLOOR, AND I DECIDE TO STEP ON SOME BLUE SUEDE SHOES...





BERT
EWANS

YOU REALLY DON'T WANT TO SEE WHAT I DID TO THEM NEXT. LET'S JUST CUT TO A LITTLE LATER, OUTSIDE SWOON'S BOOZER.



S'ONE THE CROWS, JOHNNY. THE WAY YOU USED THAT LAMPPOST WAS TRULY ARTISTIC.

CHEERS, SWOON. THOUGHT YOU'D APPRECIATE IT.



'ERE LOOK, JOHNNY THE VULTURES ARE GATHERING ALREADY...

DON'T BE STUPID, SWOON. THIS IS NEW LONDON, ENGLAND



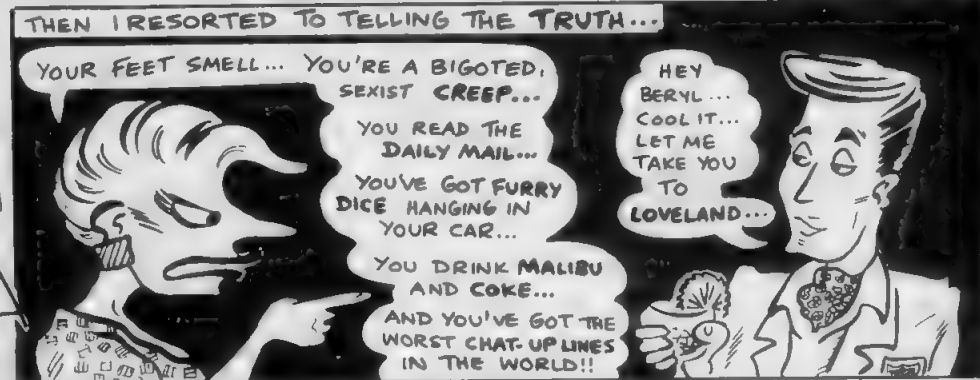
THERE AIN'T VULTURES OVER THE WHITE QUIFFS OF DOVER...



"JUST BLUE BIRDS."

THE
LIVING
END

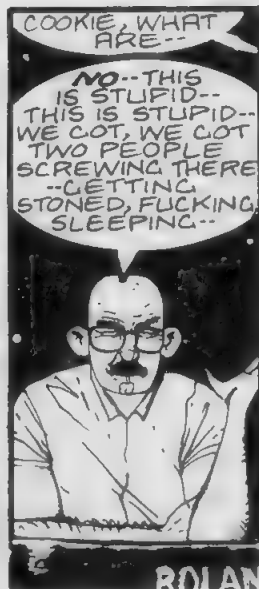
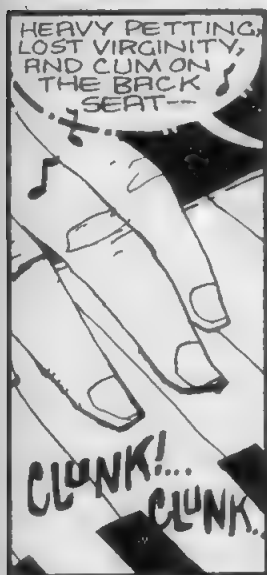
Bitch Beryl the Bitch

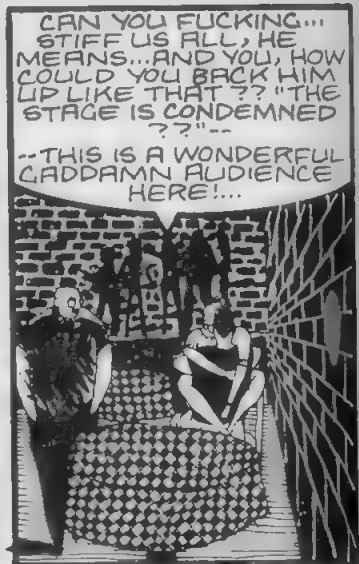
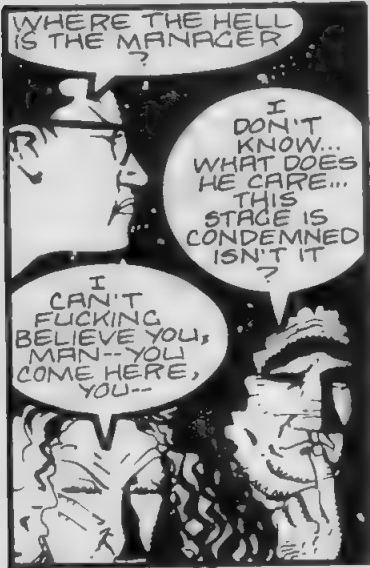


DOE by Ho Che Anderson

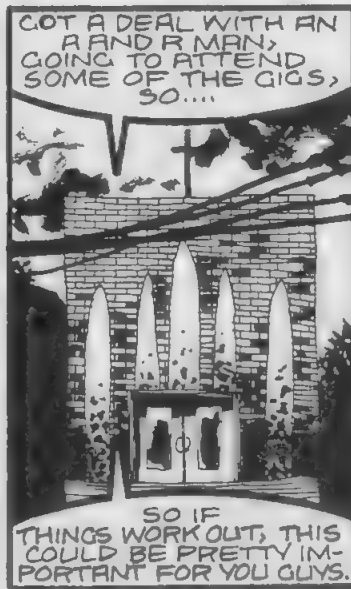
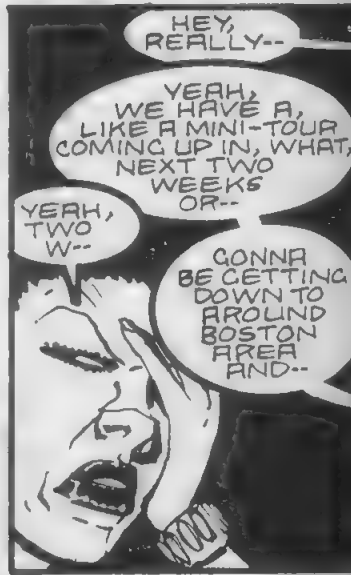
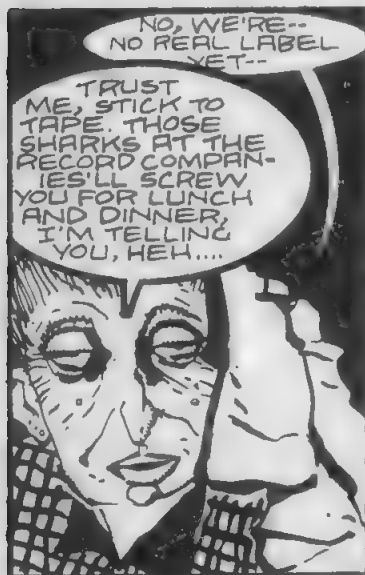


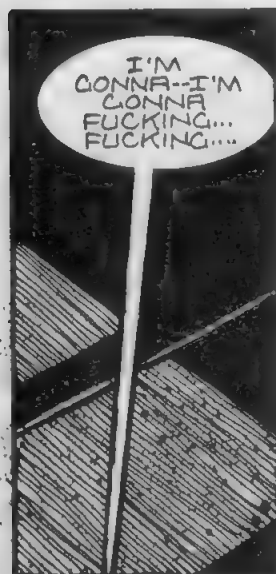
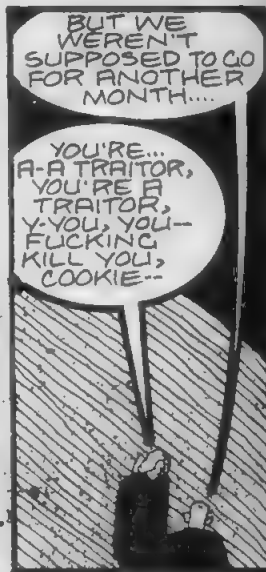
--DUTCH AND LUCY SET OUT TO VEGAS IN LUCY'S NEAR CHERRY CONVERTIBLE--











a MORAL TALE

MRS REEKING HAD ALWAYS HAD A FACINATION WITH OTHER PEOPLES LIVES - ESPECIALLY THOSE OF HER NEIGHBOURS. IT TOOK HER MIND OFF HER OWN INADEQUACIES TO WATCH, OBSERVE AND INMOWE HERSELF IN OTHERS LIVES.

THE REPUTATION OF HER NEW NEIGHBOURS - THE LOVEJOYS HAD PRECEDED THEM: MRS LOVEJOY (FORMERLY MRS HANKS, JONES, REYNOLDS, PERKIN, SIMMONS AND HODGKINSON) ESPECIALLY INTERESTED HER, FOR HER SUCCESS IN THE MARRIAGE DEPARTMENT LEFT A LOT TO BE DESIRED.



OF COURSE, RUMOURS CIRCULATED AND THIS PROMPTED MRS REEKING INTO STARTING HER OWN PERSONAL QUEST - TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE VANISHING HUSBANDS.



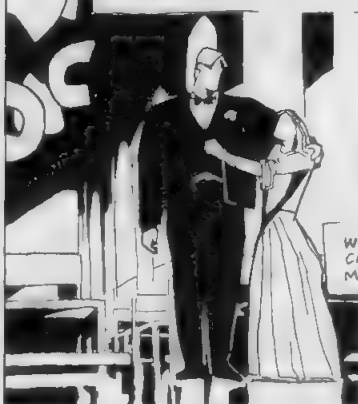
THERE WASN'T ANY GREAT MYSTERY SURROUNDING THE VANISHING HUSBANDS: SIMPLY PUT, MRS LOVEJOY WAS A DEMENTED, PSYCHOPATHIC AXE-MURDERER, WHO MASSACRED HER HUSBANDS, CUT-UP THE BODIES AND MADE BOLOGNAISE SAUCE OUT OF THEIR MINCED-UP REMAINS.



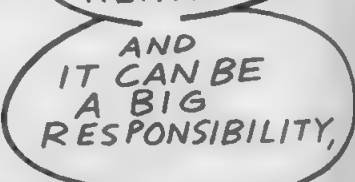
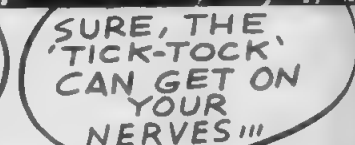
SO ASTOUNDED WAS MRS PSORIASIS REEKING THAT SHE HAD A CARDIAC ARREST ON THE SPOT AND NEVER BOTHERED ANYONE ELSE AGAIN.



AS FOR MRS LOVEJOY, WELL SHE HAPPILY WENT ON VIOLENTLY SLAUGHTERING HER HUSBANDS UNTIL SHE WAS ACCIDENTALLY RUN OVER BY A DRUNKEN DRIVER JUST OFF JUNCTION 8 OF THE M25.

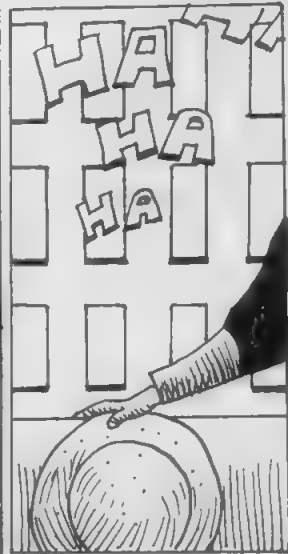
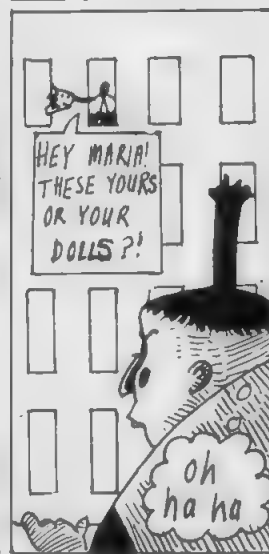
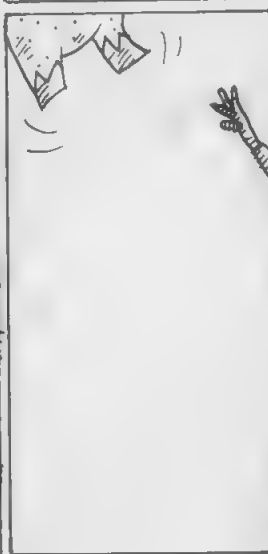
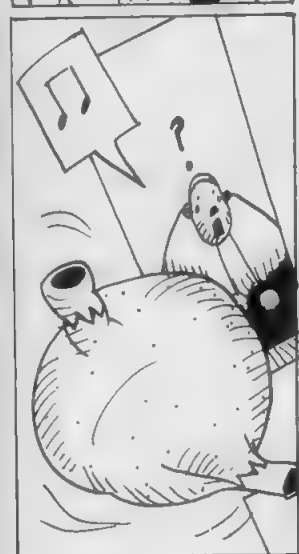
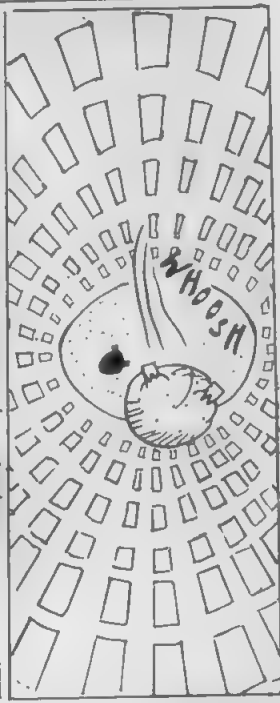
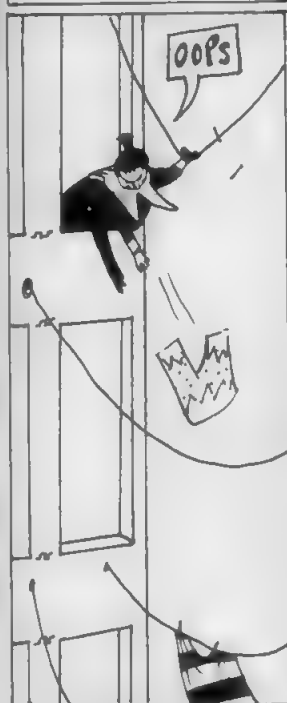
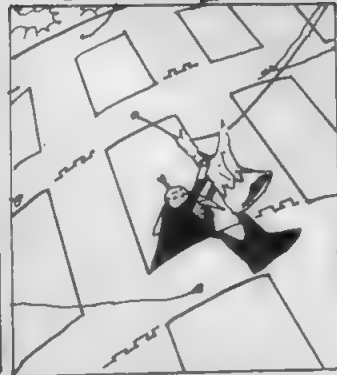
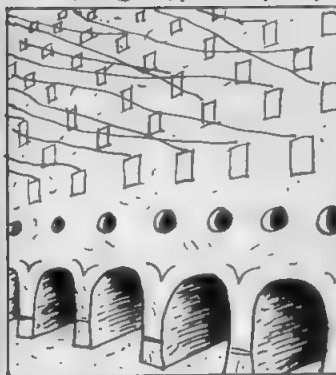


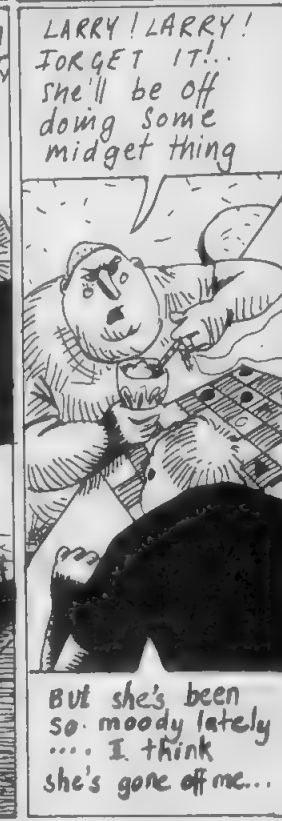
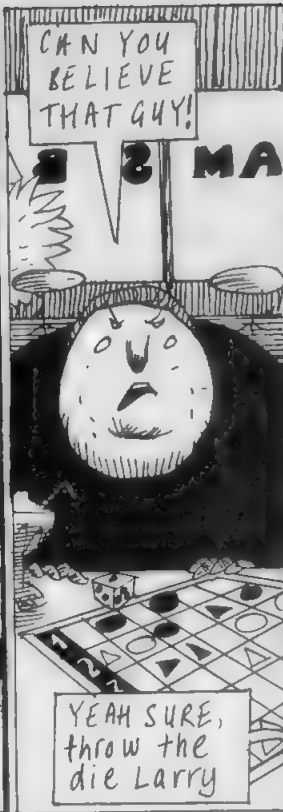
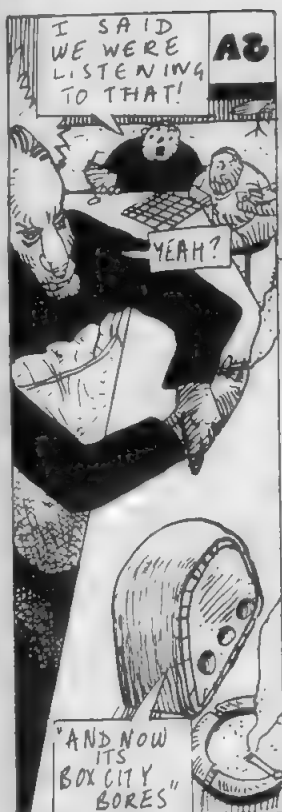
WHICH JUST GOES TO SHOW THAT YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL CROSSING MOTORWAYS!

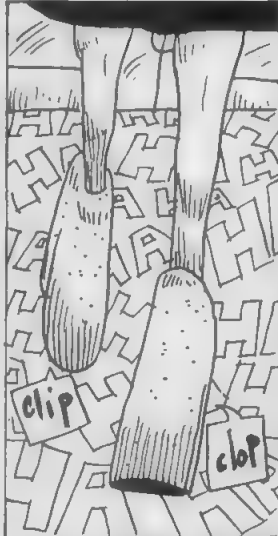
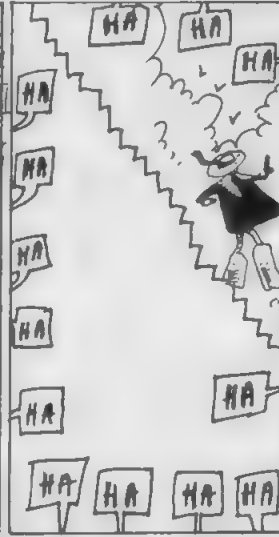
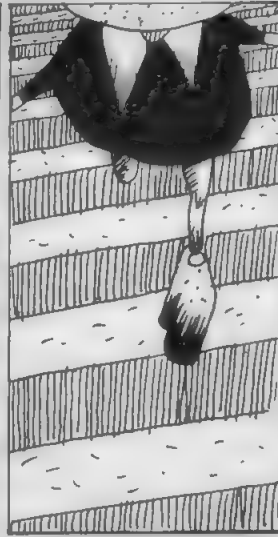


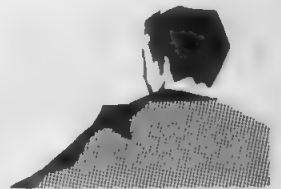
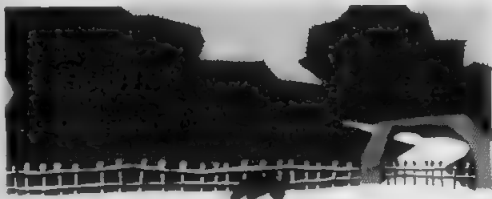


**BC
OT
XY**

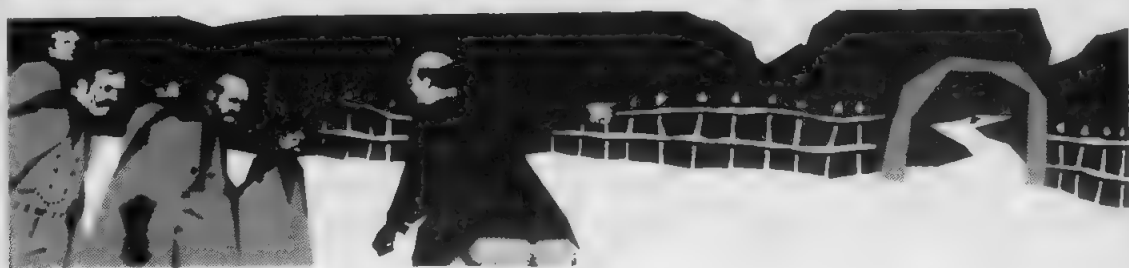
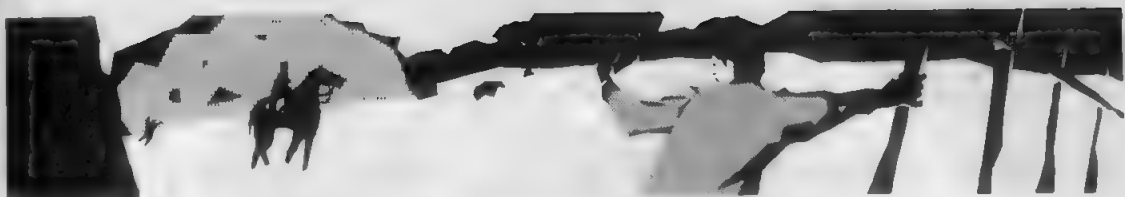


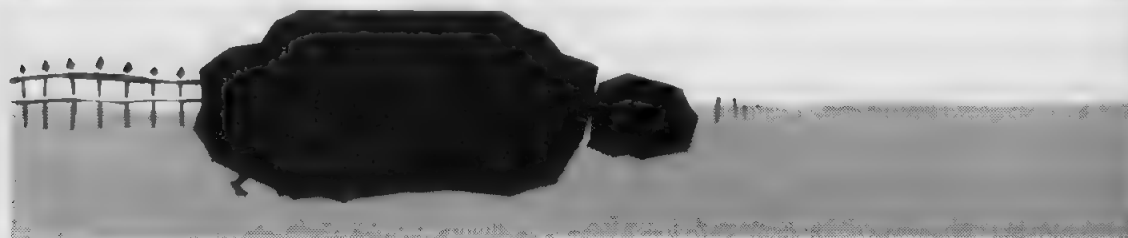
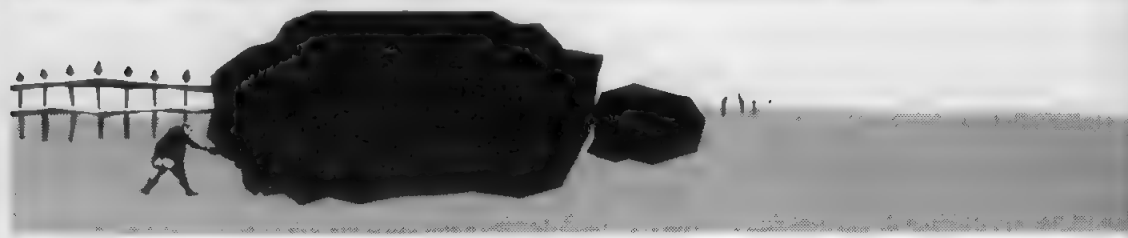
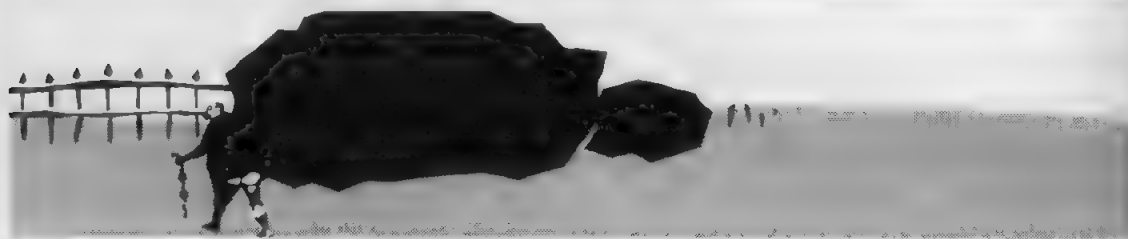
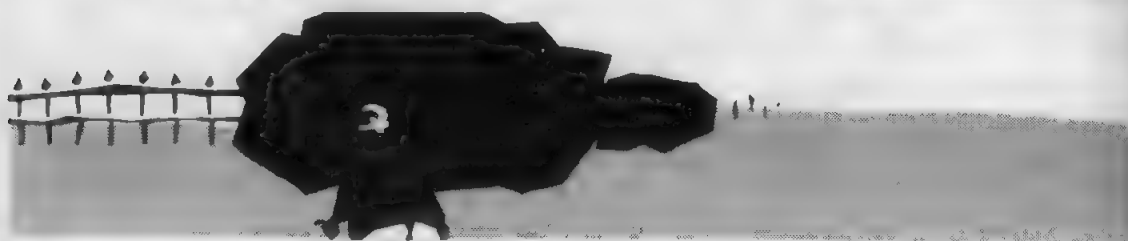












TO BE CONTINUED...

NUKE HEAD

UK #2



ACTUAL SIZE

STRATEGIC
VISUAL
DETERRENT

WOW! MY MR ATTITUD
POWERHOUSE PROSTHETIC
HAS ARRIVED!

NOW TO SWITCH THIS
SUCKER
ON! HURR!
HURR!

TIK
TOK

BILLY
FURY

CLIK!

TOK

TOK

TIK

THAR
SHE
BLOWS!

TIK

(TIK TOK)

WHUMP

BOOM!

BOY
THAT
SMARTS!

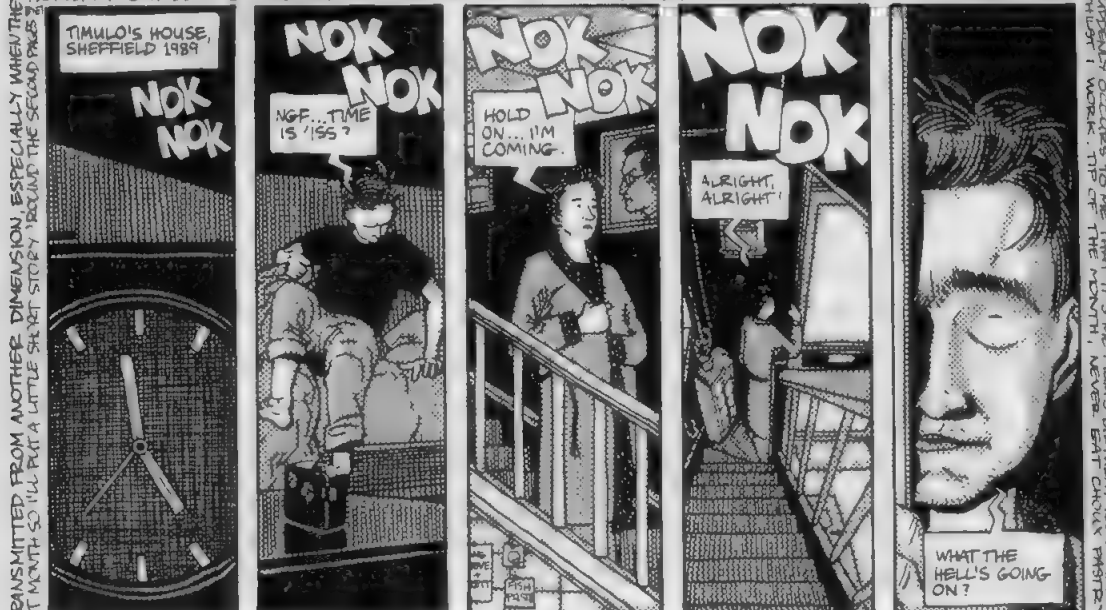
MADAM
CURIE

NUCLEAR
WINTER

IT'S A-

SHAKY
KANE

☆ HERE WE ARE AGAIN, HAPPY AS CAN BE, OR SOME SUCH... AS I'M WRITING THIS, AT 8.54 AM ON A WEDNESDAY MORNING I TRANSMIT GARDENING QUIZZES WITH EARTHA KITT ON THEM (TRUE!!). SPEECH RADIO HELPS ME CONCENTRATE



★ La Dua! Timulo

WRITER:
MOLLY EYRE

ARTIST:
D'ISRAELI
D'EMON
DRAUGHTSMAN

LETTERER:
H.V. DERCI

SOUNDTRACK? DON'T
BE DAFT, JAMIE!



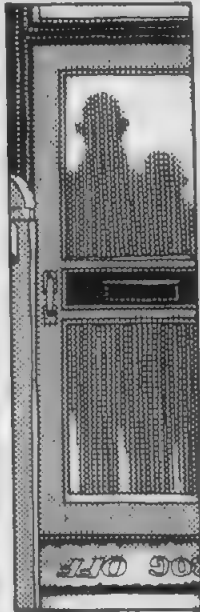
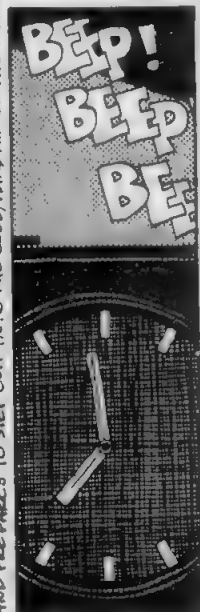
THE SEX LIFE OF THE WHEEL. I LISTEN TO RADIO 4 A LOT... SOMETIMES I THINK THAT RADIO 4 MUST BE TRANSMITTED FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION, ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY TRANSMIT GARDENING QUIZZES WITH EARTHA KITT ON THEM (TRUE!!). SPEECH RADIO HELPS ME CONCENTRATE

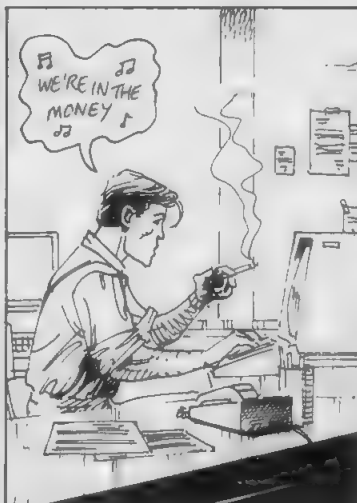
SHORT STORY: ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A MAN. ONCE HE HAD BEEN A YOUNG MAN, BUT THE WICKED WHIP OF TIME STINGS ALL OUR BACKS AND NOW HE IS AN OLD MAN EVERY DAY HE SITS AND WATCHES TELEVISION. EVERY EVENING HE SITS AND DOES THE SAME, CONSULTING VAST QUANTITIES OF PORRIDGE WHICH HE NERVOUSLY DOES DURING THE DAY, FEELING IT WOULD BE TO EAT DURING THE DAYLIGHT HOURS HE LIVES RIGHT AT THE VERY BOTTOM OF A BLOCK OF FLATS, SO HE NEVER GETS ANY EXERCISE CLIMBING STAIRS. ONLY MOVING HIS BODY TO GO TO THE TOILET OR TO PREPARE ONE OF THE HUGE CANNISTERS OF PORRIDGE WHICH APPEAR IN HIS

OF TIME STINGS ALL OUR BACKS AND NOW HE IS AN OLD MAN EVERY DAY HE SITS AND WATCHES TELEVISION. EVERY EVENING HE SITS AND DOES THE SAME, CONSULTING VAST QUANTITIES OF PORRIDGE WHICH HE NERVOUSLY DOES DURING THE DAY, FEELING IT WOULD BE TO EAT DURING THE DAYLIGHT HOURS HE LIVES RIGHT AT THE VERY BOTTOM OF A BLOCK OF FLATS, SO HE NEVER GETS ANY EXERCISE CLIMBING STAIRS. ONLY MOVING HIS BODY TO GO TO THE TOILET OR TO PREPARE ONE OF THE HUGE CANNISTERS OF PORRIDGE WHICH APPEAR IN HIS



THOUGHT
NOT.







AHHH!

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S THAT?
WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHERE AM I?

I'M LULA AND THIS IS B-BOP,
MY ROBOTIC ASSISTANT AND
OCCASIONAL PLAYTHING!

WATCH YOUR
MOUTH, GIRLY!



WHAT DO WE WANT?
WE WANT YOUR HELP
IN SOLVING A LITTLE
FAMILY PROBLEM.



WHERE ARE
YOU? CHECK THE
WINDOW.



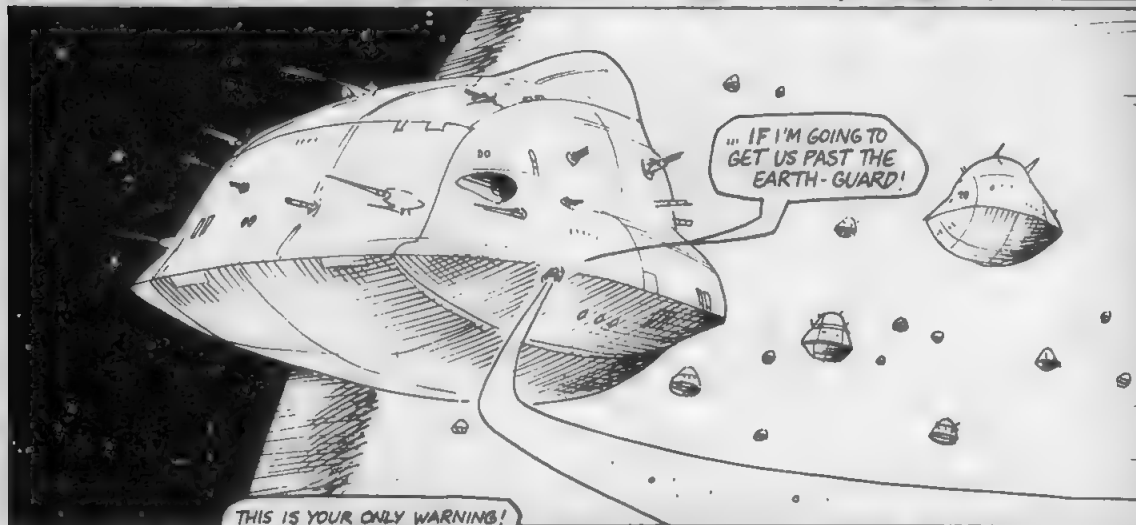
EEP.

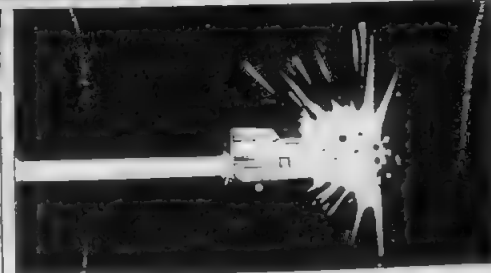
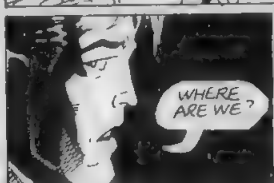
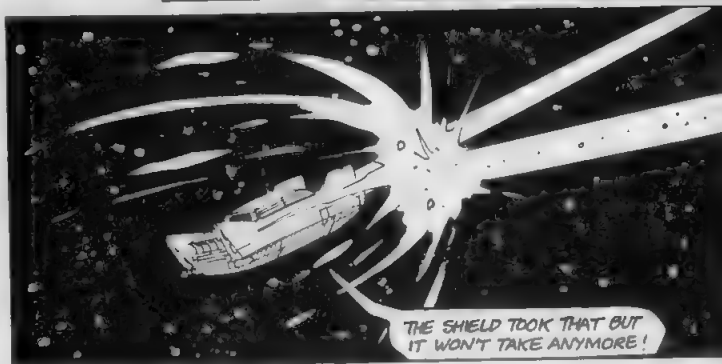
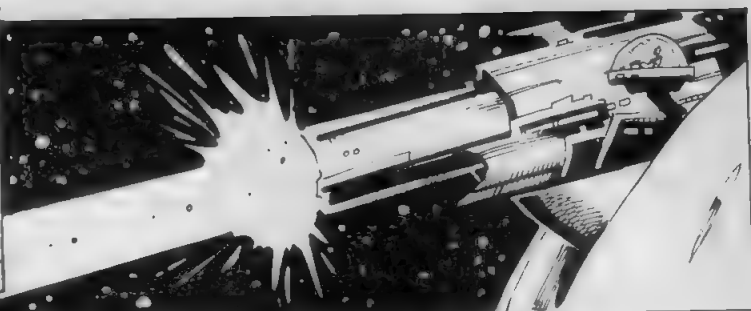


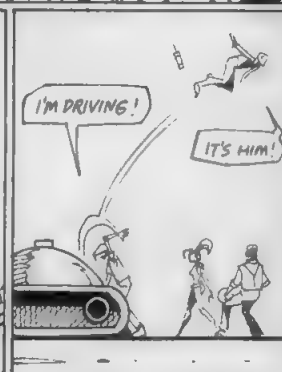
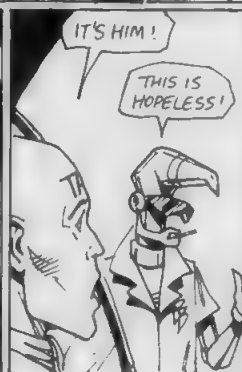
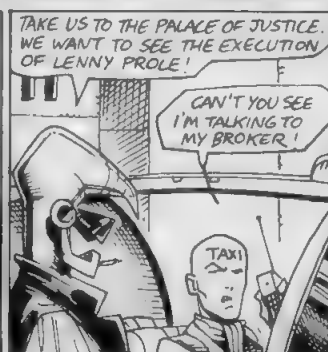
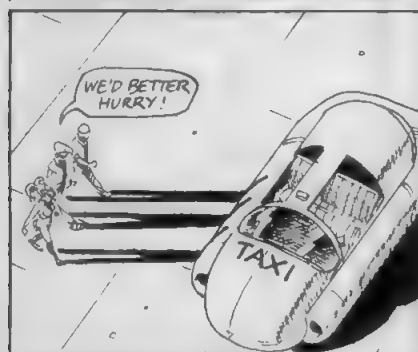
IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE SICK, NIGE...
DON'T DO IT ON THE P.V.C!

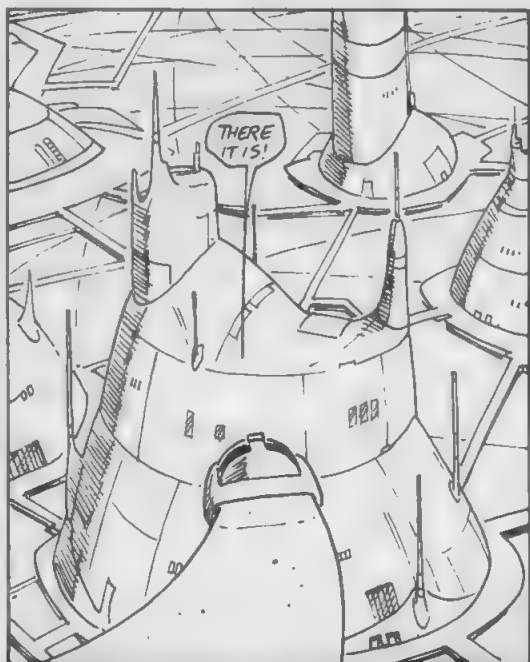
**B-BOP
AND
LULA**
BY
STEVE DILLON
©1988

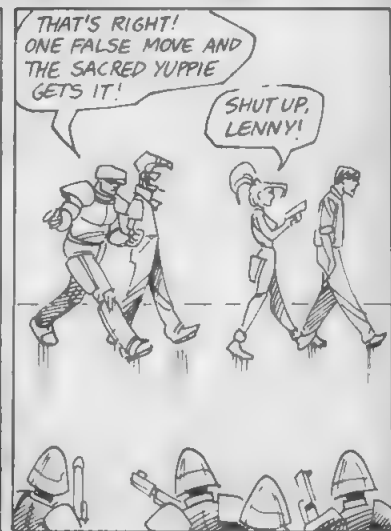
THAT STUFF
COSTS A FORTUNE
WHERE WE COME
FROM!

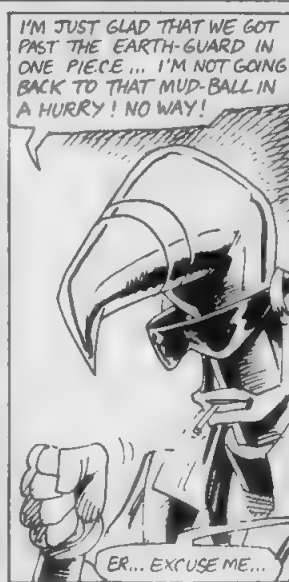
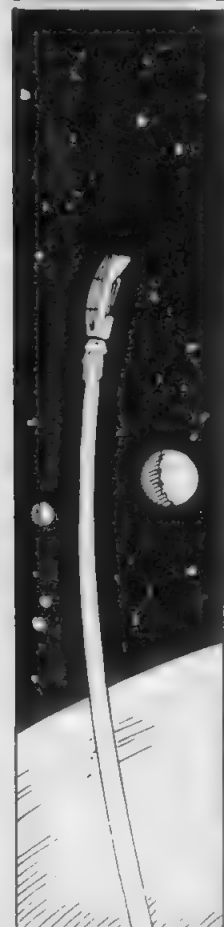
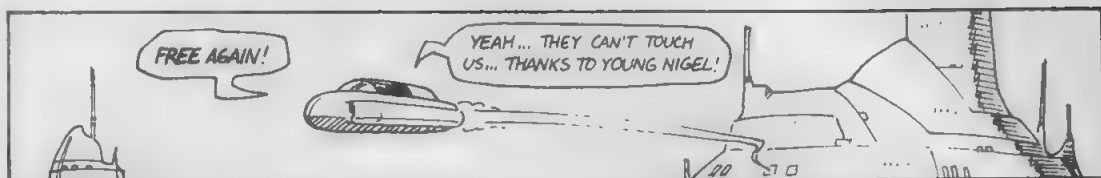


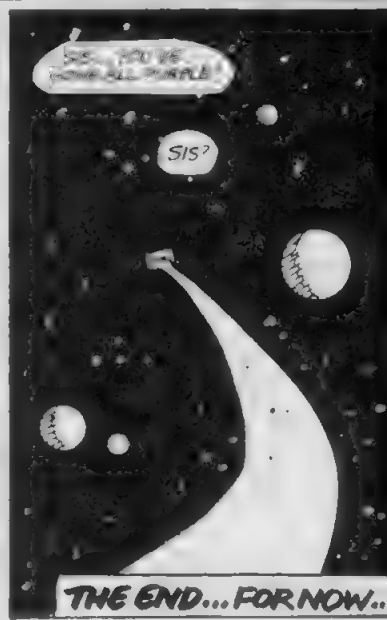
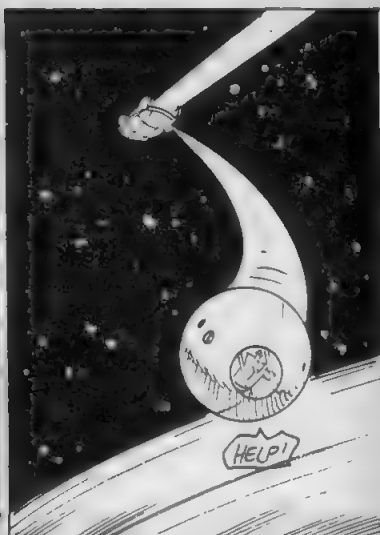


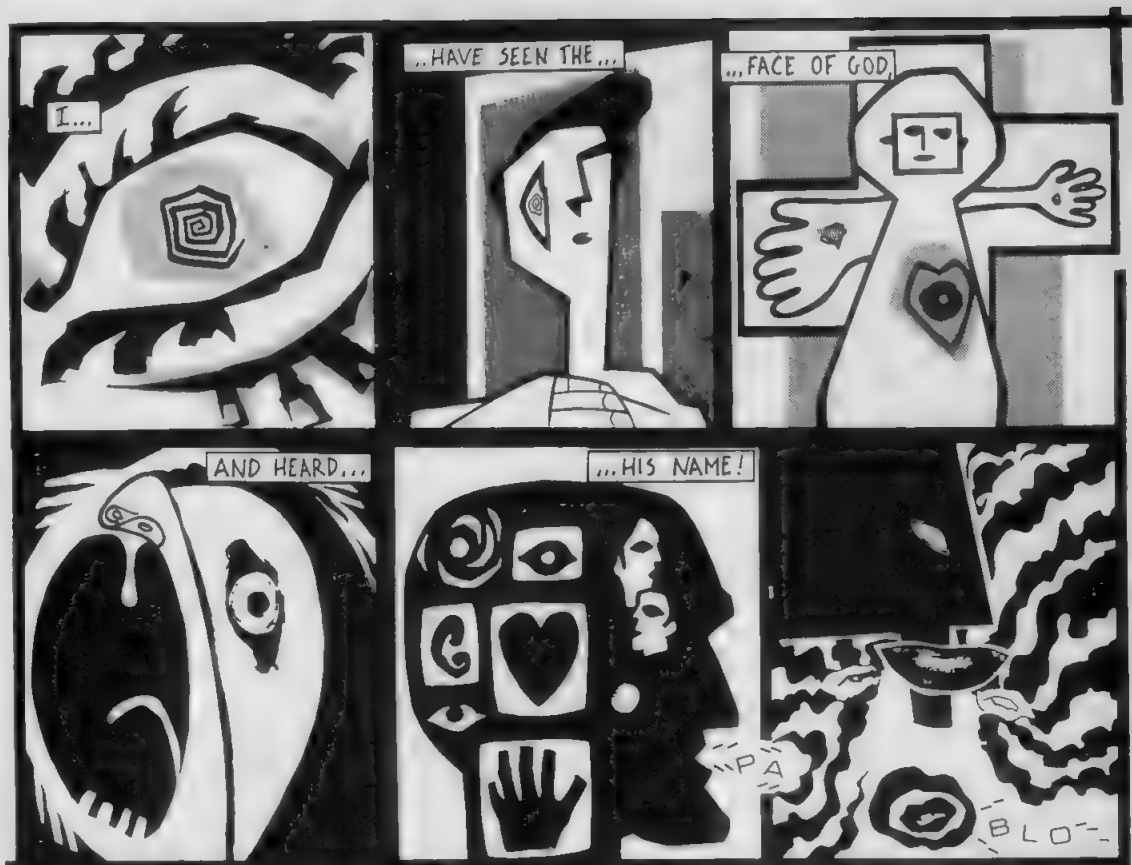














BY
ROB MORAN
© 1989



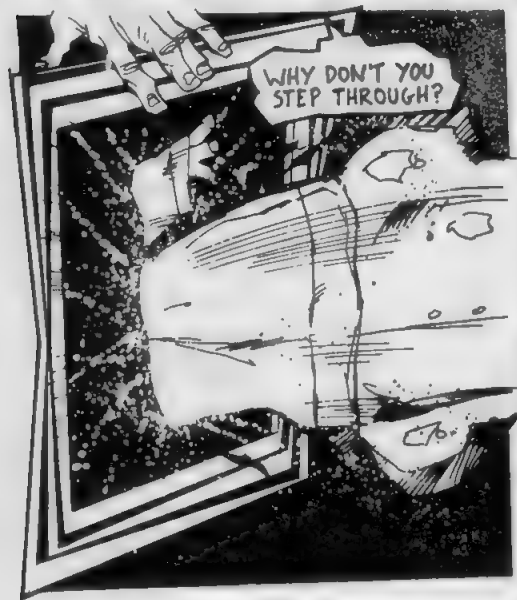
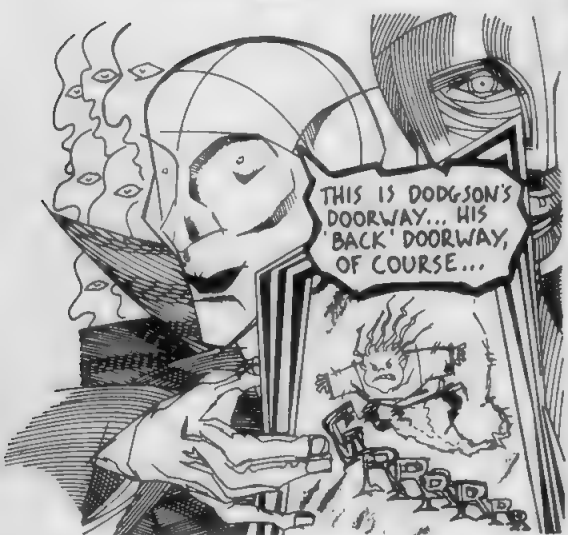
WHO ARE YOU
ANYWAY, TOLLEY
FEATURES?

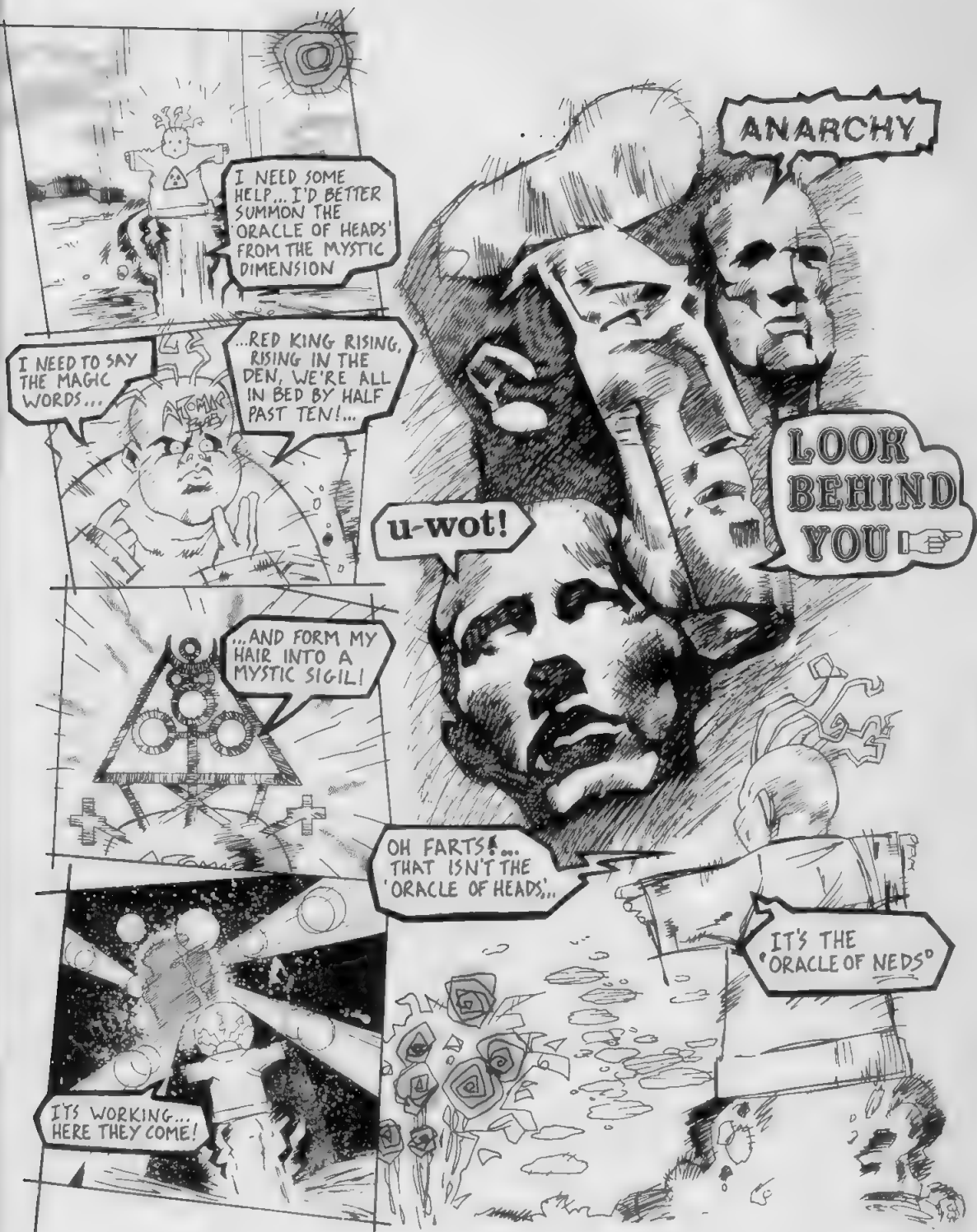
I AM THE ART-
SOUL OF PICASSO...

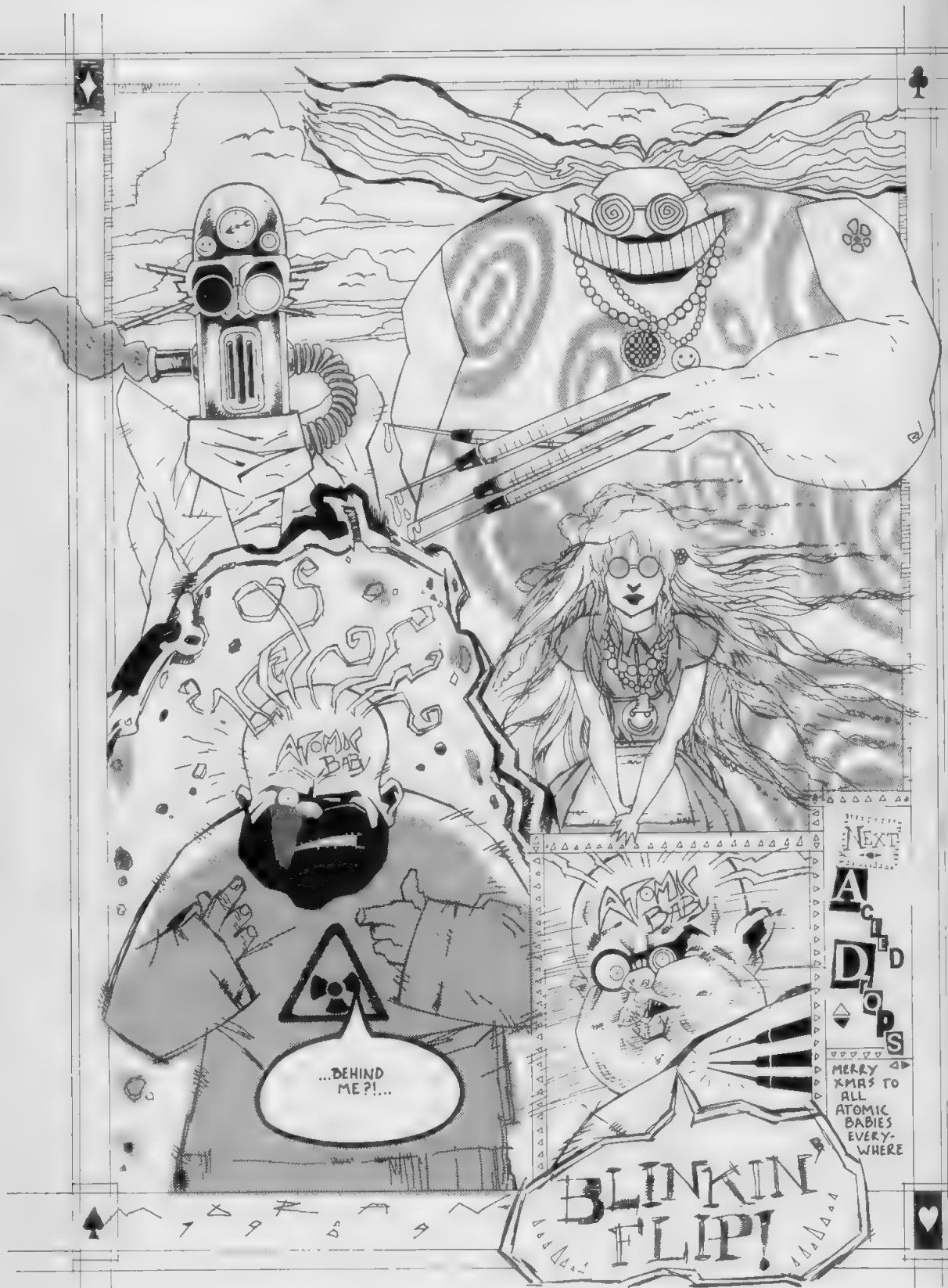
...THE PASSION AND
PERFECTION OF
PABLO...THE CUBIST
CALIGARI!

I CALL MY FATHERS
DADA AND I AM
THEIR FAUVERITE
SON...

...FISH IN MY
TROUSERS, FISH
IN MY TROUSERS...
THE HAND OF
GOD IS EVERYWHERE!









MILK & CHEESE...



©1991
the mighty mighty
even dorkin

* Dairy products gone BAD...!!

"Just the Facts, Main..."

May 20th 1989

CHARLES L. HURLBURT
OF 225 W. 67th St. #170
!?!?



I am Milk.
He is Cheese.
You are Charles L.
Hurlburt, correct?



On January 15th, 1919, a steel tank
50' high by 90' diameter tore open in
Boston, unleashing a 20' high wave of
sticky molasses, 2.3 million gallons flooded
the streets at 35 miles per hour, killing
21 people, levelling 4 wooden buildings
and part of an elevated railway. Horses
that wandered into the mire had to be
shot. It took a week to recover all
the bodies.



Catalogue
these facts,
Charles
L. Hurlburt.



Yes...



...there
will be a
test...

June 13th 1991

CHARLES L. HURLBURT!!!



How many
gallons of
molasses
flooded Boston's
streets in
1919?



YOU IDIOT!
YOU FORCE MY HAND!
WE TOLD YOU!!!



Don't ask me

Flogging a Dead Horse

Every now and then we need someone or something to re-focus our cynical little lives. We scamper about trying to get done all those things that need to get done before everybody starts gripin' at you as to why they're not done yet! When attending this year's conventions, talking to various industry folk on the phone, or just standing around jawin' at the local comics shop, I'll occasionally hear myself (or another rotting cadaver like myself!) grousing about this or that and, in general, complaining about how comics aren't as vital and exciting a medium as in the days of old, i.e. my childhood years.

Now, things have certainly changed since then, but less vital and exciting? Methinks perhaps the excitement level (or lack thereof) may have something to do with one's own perspective! Fortunately, I have encountered several people in recent months who, for various reasons, have shaken me from my embittered old ways. Take young **Tommy Edwards**, for instance. Two weeks prior to leaving for San Diego I got a call from a worried mom whose son was going in for major surgery. Tommy is a talented young artist attending high school who has just been accepted into the Arts Center in Pasadena, Ca.

His mom wanted to know if we could send him a few comics and a "get well" message, as Dark Horse is one of his favorite publishers. We made sure he had something to read when he came to after surgery and last week I received his letter of thanks, photos, and samples of his artwork. He's literally beaming with enthusiasm for the medium and has completely bowled me over! The letter revealed his reason for being in the hospital in the first place which is, ironically, and sadly, similar to the other person whose predicament has had a real effect on me recently.

Rachelle Menashe (occasional DH colorist and our production manager's lady), like Tommy, was struck and injured by a drunk driver. News came as we were just beginning to work the **San Diego Comic Con** and, needless to say, **Chris Chalenor** was on a plane and at her side within hours. By Sunday evening Rachelle was downgraded from critical to

serious, and about 40 comics professionals gave of themselves and drew some pretty damn impressive "get well" cards of support. I wasn't there when she first saw them, but I've seen the results... a mere five weeks later and this girl is doing great! Forty people taking the time and energy to care about someone that most of them had never even met!

With Tommy and Rachelle on the road to recovery, there are people with far less traumatic recent histories who have also opened my eyes to the *vita* that still exists in comics. People like the good folks from Houston, Texas, **Joe Nozemack**, **Isabeau**, and **Chip Mosher** from Musabelle's Comics, **C.K. Lichenstein** from Phoenix Comics, and **Jim Ashby**, **David "Mac" McLemore**, and of course, the eternal punker **Will (Evan Dorkin in training!) Freed**! A great group whose positive energy and love of comics practically shines from their bright faces. Or how about **Lyn Pederson** from Page After Page in Las Vegas, or **Mary Alice Wilson** from Yellow Springs, Ohio? Now *there* are a couple of hearts of that just won't quit—exploding with both ideas and healthy, constructive criticism! Or how about **Shannon Stewart** from Georgia, or **Brian McQuerry** from the Chicago area?

So, yeah, it sucks that some people are collecting, not reading, comics and that a good percentage of John & Jane Q. Public still regard our medium like they do yet another oil spill off the coast. But there are also a lot of great things going on in the world of comics thanks to the likes of **Dan Clowes**, **Cindy Goff**, **Geof Darrow**, **Peter Bagge**, **Frank Miller**, **Rafael Nieves**, **Dan Brereton**, and a whole slew of new, young, "undiscovered" talent just champin' at the bit to make their mark in this totally vital medium for expression.

All right, I'll climb off my soapbox and let you get to the checklist below! (At least I didn't ramble on about how great Dark Horse Comics are!)

Just trying to be,

Bob Schreck

Mike Richardson • publisher

Neil Hankerson • v-p of operations

Bob Schreck • marketing director

Brad Horn • controller

Debbie Byrd • operations assistant

Randy Stradley • executive editor

Diana Schutz • managing editor

Barbara Kesel, **Jerry Prosser**,
Chris Warner • editorial staff

Cece Cutsforth • art director

Chris Chalenor • production manager

Steven Birch, **Cary Grazzini**, **Ray Gruen**,
Carolyn Magyesi, **Jack Pollock**,
Steve Posey, **Monty Sheldon**,
Sean Tierney • production

Tiffany Schlobohm • receptionist

CHECKLIST

☐ SHIPPING NOVEMBER 5

Dark Horse Presents #56
Aliens Genocide #1
Venus Wars #8

☐ SHIPPING NOVEMBER 12

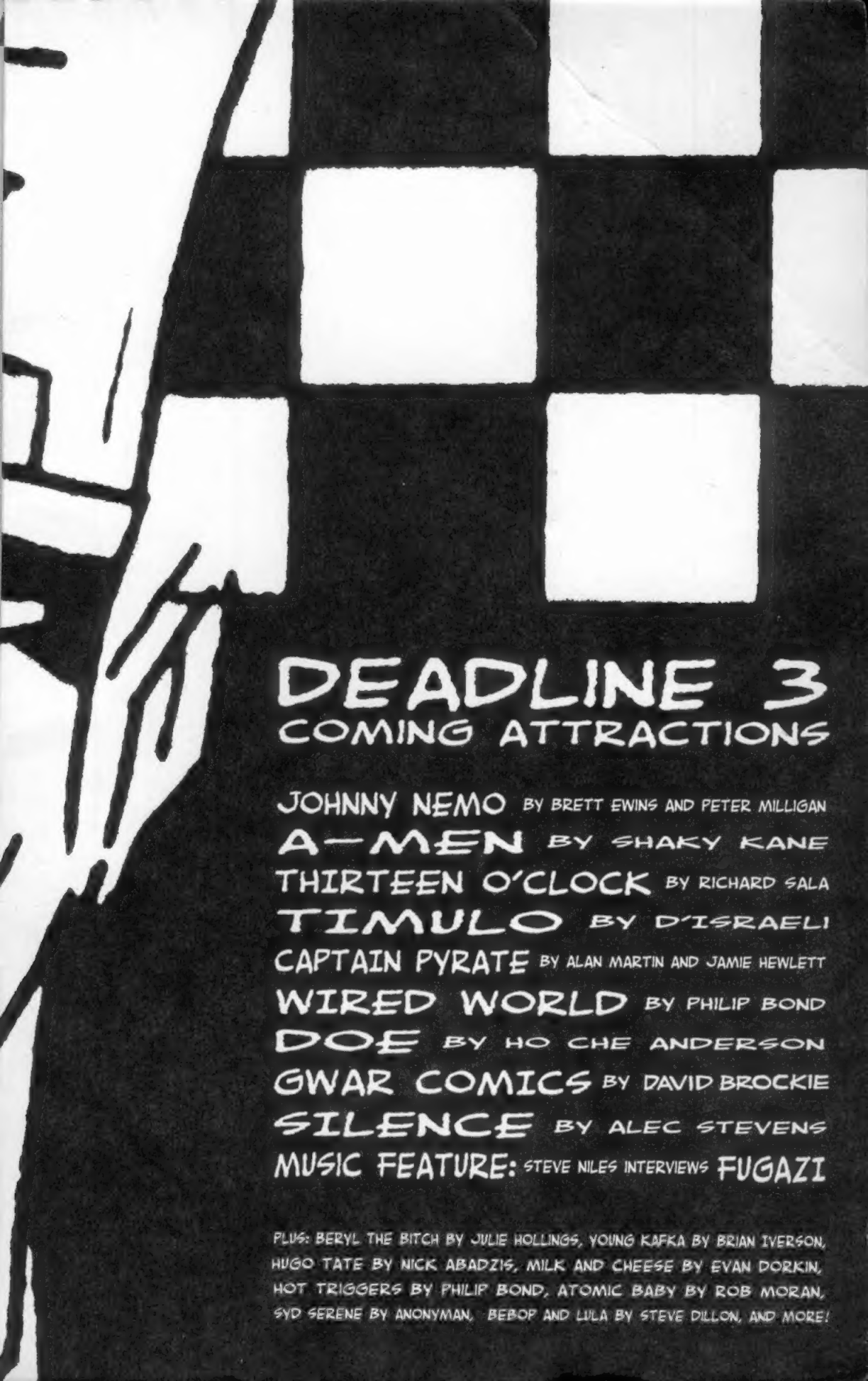
Cheval Noir #24
Terminator: The Enemy Within #1
John Byrne's 2112 graphic novel

☐ SHIPPING NOVEMBER 19

Billi 99 #3
Badlands #5
Predator Cold War #3
Concrete #4

☐ SHIPPING NOVEMBER 26

Almuric #3
Deadline #2
The Mask #4
Aliens Tribes



DEADLINE 3

COMING ATTRACTIONS

JOHNNY NEMO BY BRETT EWINS AND PETER MILLIGAN

A-MEN BY SHAKY KANE

THIRTEEN O'CLOCK BY RICHARD SALA

TIMULO BY D'ISRAELI

CAPTAIN PYRATE BY ALAN MARTIN AND JAMIE HEWLETT

WIRED WORLD BY PHILIP BOND

DOE BY HO CHE ANDERSON

GWAR COMICS BY DAVID BROCKIE

SILENCE BY ALEC STEVENS

MUSIC FEATURE: STEVE NILES INTERVIEWS FUGAZI

PLUS: BERYL THE BITCH BY JULIE HOLLINGS, YOUNG KAFKA BY BRIAN IVERSON,
HUGO TATE BY NICK ABADZIS, MILK AND CHEESE BY EVAN DORKIN,
HOT TRIGGERS BY PHILIP BOND, ATOMIC BABY BY ROB MORAN,
SYD SERENE BY ANONYMAN, BEBOP AND LULA BY STEVE DILLON, AND MORE!

"THEY JUST COME AT YOU STRAIGHT ON AND YOU REMEMBER WHY PUNK FIRST
IMPRESSED YOU AS AN UNSTOPPABLE FORCE..." SPIN

Poison Idea



kings of punk

"POISON IDEA IS A TRULY LEGENDARY FORCE AND THEY DON'T HAVE TO DIE TO
PROVE IT." THRASHER